

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

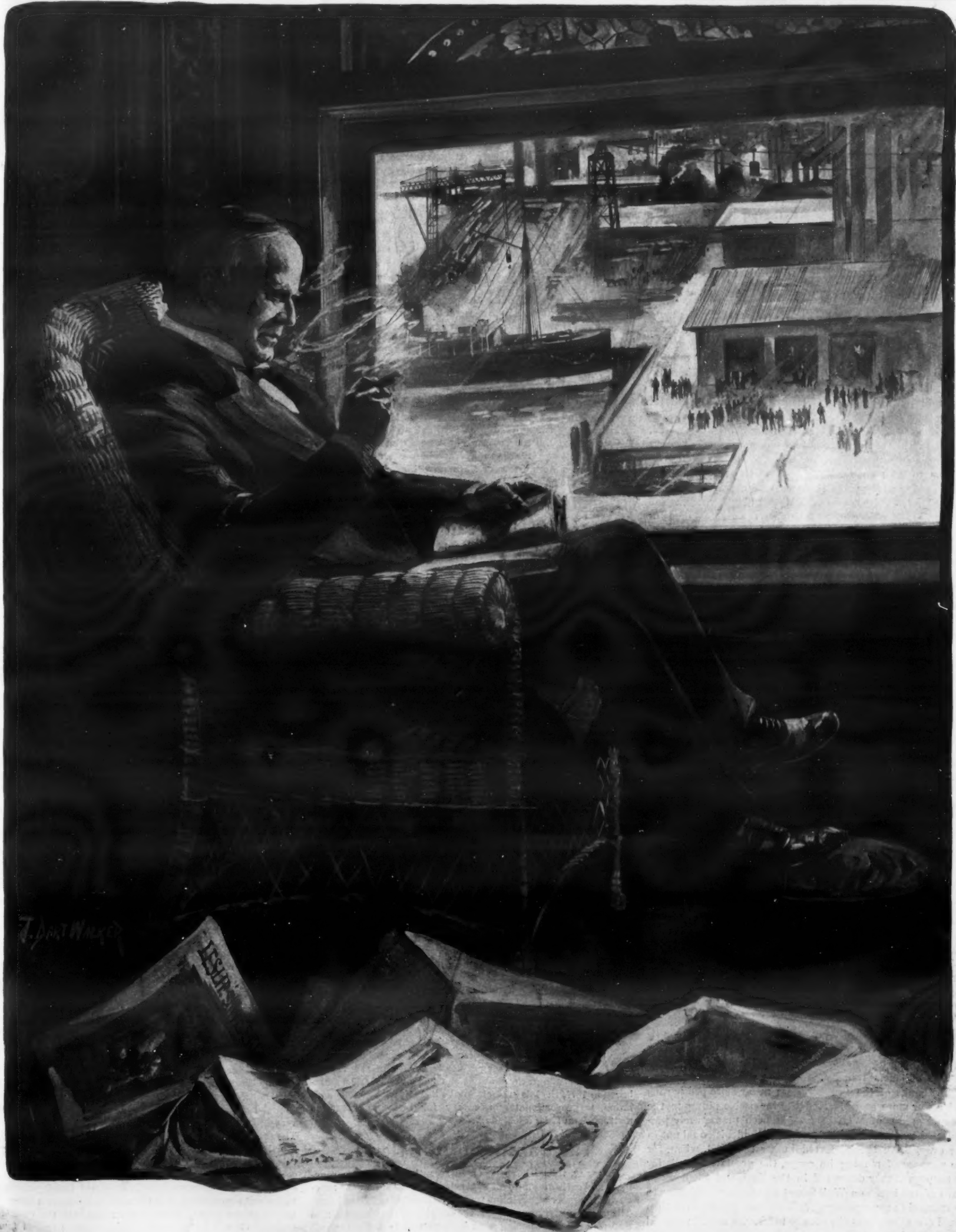
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NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1901.

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S PLEASANT JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

HE CONTEMPLATES WITH SATISFACTION THE MANIFOLD EVIDENCES OF THE NATION'S PROSPERITY AT THE CLOSE OF HIS FIRST TERM.
DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY T. DART WALKER.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly in the United States.

THE 20TH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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Prosperity and Wall-Street Panics.

(Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)



HON. CHARLES G. DAWES,
COMPTROLLER OF THE
CURRENCY.

IN matters of business a panic is the result of the sudden awakening on the part of a number of people to the fact that the supply of an indispensable article is inadequate to the demand for it. Under modern methods, business is largely done upon credit, and these credits have a constant tendency to increase. The normal operations of legitimate banking tend to increase the

amount of fixed credits of the country. These credits, even when they do not receive the abnormal additions incident to times of general speculation, are always growing faster in proportion than the money supply in terms of which they are payable.

And so it happens that at the end of certain periods, which in this country seem to be approximately twenty years, the amount of credits outstanding is so out of proportion to the money available for their redemption that we have financial panics such as those occurring in 1873 and 1893, and there comes a mad scramble for realization on the part of all creditors, including the greatest creditor class the world has ever known—the depositors in the various banking systems of the United States, now estimated to number at least ten million.

For a few months the panic continues, and there is a colossal collapse of credits. Money necessary to carry on the business of the country goes into hiding. Manufacturing and productive work of all kinds lags. Labor is thrown out of employment; misery and want stalk abroad; and the cry of the greenbacker or free-silver advocate, preaching the doctrine of cheap money as the remedy for widespread distress, is heard in the land.

But such a panic, widespread, fundamental, almost elemental, differs from the Wall-Street panic of recent date as civil war differs from a street riot over a municipal disturbance. Our country has fairly recovered from the panic of 1893 and, with general confidence fully restored and the assistance of an export trade never equaled in its history, is enjoying a great and substantial measure of prosperity.

The recent panic on Wall Street did not arise out of a general stringency in the money market, but had its cause in inflated credits in Wall Street—not in the nation—and was precipitated by the sudden awakening of the "shorts" to the fact that the available supply of the Northern Pacific stock, indispensable to their settlements, was inadequate to meet their demands for it. And then started this liquidation of the inflated credits existing in this local exchange, where a few great financiers, and a great body of men of small means—clerks, stenographers, and haunters of commission-shops—are wont to bet—the latter largely upon what the former may choose to do.

The worst of the local flurry is over; the panic in Wall Street is through; large operators will continue to speculate; the invitation to the general public to seek the making of profits by taking large risks will go on, and the fate of this last set of impoverished, broken-hearted men and women whom the Street calls "Outsiders" will soon be forgotten. But the ponderous wheels of business of this great nation of ours grind on unchecked and unhindered by this local financial tragedy.

The banks of the country were never more prosperous and never more sound. Had the inevitable slump in the inflated credits of Wall Street not been prematurely precipitated by the corner in Northern Pacific, it could not in any event have been deferred longer than fall, when, for the purpose of moving its crops, the great West calls for its surplus money deposited in the East, and the demand loans of the banks on Wall Street securities would have to be reduced in consequence. A Wall-Street panic even then could create only a slight change in interest rates in central money markets for a few weeks.

This great country has fully entered a new period of prosperity. Its serious problem at present is not that of

inflated credits, or of money supply, or general financial conditions, but that of maintaining its foreign markets to keep pace with its magnificent and ever-increasing productive capacity which is making it the commercial leader of the world.

Charles G. Dawes

A Great Statesman's Centennial.

THE centenary of the birth of William H. Seward, which was commemorated on May 16th, 1901, at Walton, Delaware County, New York, comes at an opportune time for his fame. National expansion is the force which shapes the political and social ideals of the America of to-day. Seward, almost alone among the Northern Whigs and pioneer Republicans, was a pronounced expansionist. To nearly all the Whigs and the early Republicans territorial expansion meant the enlargement of the area of slavery. Even the annexation of Oregon in 1846 (comprising the present States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho and parts of the States of Wyoming and Montana) seemed to most of the Northern Whigs to portend a possible increase in the number of slave States, despite its location.

Seward, however, though opposed to slavery, favored the broadening of the national area toward the South, the North, or the West, and then would trust to argument, to the power of ideas, and the progress of civilization to save the new territory for freedom. He favored the annexation of Hawaii fifty years before that locality came under the flag. He was the chief author of the acquisition of Alaska. He foresaw, at a date anterior to the advance of America's boundary to the margin of the Pacific through the acquisition of Oregon and California, that the Pacific Ocean would one day become an American lake. The island of St. Thomas, which he, as Secretary of State under Johnson, wanted to buy more than a third of a century ago, and which the Senate refused to accept, is apparently soon to become American territory.

Foresight, balance, toleration were conspicuous in Seward's mental and moral make-up. Though he rejected and condemned the teachings of the abolitionist extremists, he did more to bring abolition than did Garrison, Phillips, and the rest of the radicals. When the Know-Nothing wave swept across the country he refused to be stampeded by it, and though his attitude at that time in favor of toleration for all sects and races cost him the Presidential nomination in 1860, it furnished an example of intrepidity and sanity which posterity applauds. His services at the head of the State Department in 1861-65, when the duties of his post were more delicate and exacting than they ever were before or since, gave him a place next to Lincoln in the regard of his countrymen. Seward was one of the grandest figures of America's heroic age.

Great Fires of History.

THE conflagration at Jacksonville, Florida, will figure among the great fires of history. The destruction of 130 blocks of buildings, with 1,400 houses, which has rendered 15,000 people out of a population of 28,000 homeless for the time, and which has involved a loss of \$15,000,000, must be classed among the calamities of the age.

The Old World's most calamitous fire was that which took place in London in 1666, which destroyed 14,000 buildings, laid 400 streets waste, and rendered 200,000 persons homeless, the loss of life being 1,000, and that of property \$40,000,000. Moscow's conflagration in 1812 evoked from Bonaparte, when he woke up and got his first glimpse of its beginning, "This is what these barbarians call war." It consumed 8,000 of the city's 10,000 buildings, compelling 20,000 of the city's inhabitants to sleep on the ground, destroyed 200 lives and \$10,000,000 of property, and had political consequences which affected the history of Europe. It brought Bonaparte's Russian campaign to disaster, caused a retreat in the dead of winter in which the lives of 150,000 of his soldiers were lost, broke the spell of his invincibility, and incited the new combinations against him which eventually resulted in his overthrow.

New York City had a fire in 1835 which destroyed \$20,000,000 of property, and one in 1838 which inflicted a loss of \$10,000,000, and this was followed by one in 1845 in which \$8,000,000 of property went up in smoke. Pittsburg had a \$6,000,000 fire in 1845, followed by one in Albany, which inflicted a damage of \$3,000,000 in 1848, and by one in St. Louis which destroyed \$5,000,000 of property in 1849. San Francisco had two fires six weeks apart in 1851, inflicting a loss of \$4,000,000 in the first and of \$3,000,000 in the second. The Fourth of July celebration in 1866 caused, in Portland, Me., the most destructive fire ever known on the American continent along to that time, except New York's of 1835, Portland's loss being \$15,000,000, like Jacksonville's.

The two most calamitous fires ever known anywhere in the world occurred in the United States within thirteen months of each other. In the first of these, in Chicago, on October 8th-9th, 1871, the property loss was \$200,000,000, and in the second, in Boston, on November 9th, 1872, \$80,000,000 of property was consumed. In Chicago 100,000 persons were left without homes, and 200 were killed. Chicago's heads the list of the world's destructive conflagrations, but as she had over 300,000 population in 1871, the loss in Jacksonville in 1901, with 28,000 population, is proportionately not very far below that of the metropolis on Lake Michigan.

The Sanctity of the Home.

SEVERAL things have occurred recently to give encouragement and satisfaction to all interested in maintaining the sanctity of the marriage relation and the inviolability of the home. The most important of these is the decision of the United States Supreme Court, declaring that both parties to a divorce suit must be bona-fide residents of the State wherein a divorce is applied for, thus cutting off at one stroke the scandalous business of the so-called divorce-mills of certain Western localities;

and another is the refusal of several eminent men to speak at a club-dinner in Brooklyn in association with a professor of divinity who has deserted his wife and children without cause. These refusals were given point and force by being accompanied in two cases with a just and withering rebuke of the man who had been guilty of such despicable, unchristian, and cowardly conduct. Still another proceeding involving the same issues is the renewal of the agitation against the spread of Mormonism. All this is well. Insistence upon the integrity and sacredness of the home and family cannot be too frequent or too emphatic in this day, when so many subtle influences are at work to undermine and destroy these corner-stones of our civilization. Concerning many tenets and principles of modern civilization in its purest and highest estate there is room for an honest difference of opinion, but as to the wisdom and inherent rightfulness of monogamy and of the family relation as that institution exists in Christian lands to-day there can be no question among people of sane and enlightened minds, any more than there can be a question of the value of sunshine or any other beneficent force of nature. And the example of any individual or the teachings of any class of persons designed to degrade the family or weaken the marriage bond may be justly regarded with horror and disgust, and as things to be met with stern, implacable, and uncompromising opposition.

The Plain Truth.

THE latest change in the Cabinet of President McKinley, who, during the four years of his administration has had an unusually large number of such changes, was caused by the retirement of Attorney-General John W. Griggs, who has resumed the practice of the law in New York City. No member of the Cabinet achieved greater prominence or won a more notable success than Mr. Griggs. His admirable conduct of the affairs of his department, and especially his eloquent and masterly presentation of the government's case before the Supreme Court in the Porto Rican tariff matter, attracted the highest praise from his fellow-members of the Bar. It is no disparagement to his successor to say that the retirement of Mr. Griggs has deprived the Cabinet of one of its ablest members and the nation of the services of one of the best-equipped lawyers who has ever been given a portfolio at Washington.

The Harvard authorities have acted wisely in refusing to be influenced by the silly and spiteful clamor of a faction of malcontents over the proposed action of the university in conferring the degree of doctor of laws upon President McKinley. The opponents of the administration are surely reduced to desperate straits when they are led to take up this picayune business. It would seem as if even prejudice and political rancor would not pursue a man into the sphere of educational honors and preferments. The Harvard overseers are entirely competent to judge as to the fitness of persons upon whom to confer honorary degrees, and it is sheer impertinence to interfere with them in a case like this with no other objection than one based on political differences. President McKinley's policy in the Philippines has the indorsement of a large majority of the American people, but were the situation otherwise the question has nothing to do with the proposed action at Harvard. We suppose that even the anti-imperialists would concede that the President is an honorable man and not deficient in scholarly ability.

Thus far the discussion in regard to submarine navigation, the value and practicability of the inventions of Holland and others, has proceeded on the assumption that submarine vessels are to be used for war purposes only. Of course there is no reason why under-water navigation should be limited in this way. As Mr. Holland has recently pointed out in a lecture in New York, submarine boats may be used in a great variety of ways in the promotion of commerce and water travel. Submarine boats may be employed to advantage in sponge or pearl fishing, wrecking, chart-making, and for passenger transportation across narrow channels. Such boats may be used, for example, in the trip across the British Channel, enabling the traveler to escape the dangers and unpleasant features which make that passage the most dreaded of all water voyages in the world. By sinking to a considerable depth below the surface the submarine boat will avoid the storms, the choppy seas, the fogs, the risks of collision, the sudden changes of temperature, and other disagreeable accompaniments of surface navigation. In fact, the possibilities of the immediate future in the direction of navigation under water seem almost illimitable, and the consequent advantages to the arts of peace equally so.

In his recent birthday speech before the Montauk Club of Brooklyn Senator Depew dwelt with his accustomed force and eloquence upon several problems of the day, and upon none with greater emphasis than the tendency apparent among a class of the very rich in this country "to hedge themselves about with a social exclusiveness unknown in Europe." In the great social centres of Europe, the Senator went on to say, prompt and full recognition was paid to men who had enriched the world with the products of their genius in art, literature, or science, and wholly without regard to the amount of wealth they had accumulated. This is particularly true in England, where such men find "a cordial welcome and appreciative recognition in the homes, both city and country, of the proudest of the aristocracy and the descendants of the oldest and most distinguished titles among the nobility." It has remained for the "millionaire exclusives" of this democratic land to attempt to found a caste based chiefly upon money considerations and very little, if at all, upon the possession of brains or character. They seek to make all except the possessors of enormous incomes socially the second class. The Senator is right in saying that this element of our alleged aristocracy is doing more to promote socialism and anarchy by its actions than all other agencies combined. The ignorance, selfishness, and inanity of the men and women composing this element make them a disgrace to the American name. Happily their numbers are limited and their efforts are certain to be futile. A caste system founded solely upon distinctions of wealth is so repugnant to every true American principle that it cannot grow large enough to command anything but contempt.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—If the America's Cup is wrested from our grasp this year—a quite improbable event—it will be owing largely to the genius and professional skill of the man who designed the little craft which is to make another bid, in the name of the English yachting world, for the prize—Mr. George Lennox Watson. Mr. Watson has been engaged as a professional designer and ship-builder for thirty-five years, and some of the finest vessels flying the English flag are the products of his skill. In 1872 he designed the *Clotilde*, which proved a great success. In 1880 he planned the construction of the *Vandura*, which beat the famous *Formosa*, owned by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. In the races for the America's Cup in recent years Mr. Watson's name has become familiar from the fact that he furnished the plans for the *Thistle*, *Valkyrie II.*, and *Valkyrie III.* The finest vessel he has ever designed is said to be the *Britannia*, cutter of the Prince of Wales. Besides yachts, Mr. Watson has furnished plans for a large number of ocean-going steamers. He is only fifty-one years of age.

MR. GEORGE LENNOX WATSON, THE DESIGNER OF "SHAMROCK II."

—Women wearing the titles of nobility are not so much of a novelty on the stage in these days, either in America or abroad, as to make the advent of a new star of this order a matter of sensational interest, but there are various reasons why the coming of the Countess Russell to fill an engagement in this country as a variety singer should be regarded as an event out of the ordinary. The countess made her professional debut only a few months ago in the English provinces in one of George Edwards's musical plays, when she was at once chronicled a pronounced success, and not long after made her appearance in London, at the Tivoli, where she added greatly to her popularity. It is said that the countess was induced to accept an American engagement by the offer of a notably large salary. Before leaving England the countess expected to secure a final settlement in an action for divorce against Earl Russell.

—An army surgeon may do splendid service on the field, and yet his gallantry pass almost unnoticed, unless—such is the irony of fate—he happens to be wounded. Major Banister, during the battle of Tien-Tsin, did not spare himself. He attended to the wounded officers and men of the Ninth Infantry on that field swept with bullets as coolly and successfully as if he were in hospital. The wonder is that he was not hit. Dr. Banister entered the army in 1883 as a contract doctor, and was regularly commissioned in 1886. He became a captain in the regular service in 1891, and was made a major of volunteers in 1898; was mustered out the year after, and re-commissioned as major in November, 1899. Major Banister has had an eventful career. He was with



THE COUNTESS RUSSELL, WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA.

Lawton on the latter's famous Geronimo campaign. He served through the "Wounded Knee" campaign in the winter of 1890-91. He went to Cuba as surgeon of the Second Infantry, and remained after the campaign as acting chief surgeon of General Kent's division. When it was rumored that the United States troops would go from the Philippines to China, Dr. Banister—who was then chief surgeon first district, department of southern Luzon, serving on General Hall's staff—offered his services for duty in China. He was attached to the Ninth Infantry, and was appointed by Colonel Meade, of the United States Marine Corps, after the battle of Tien-Tsin, as chief surgeon of the United States forces in China. Later he was announced in orders by General Chaffee as chief surgeon of the China-relief expedition. After the Santiago campaign, in a special report, Dr. Banister was commended for gallantry on the field. He was recommended for brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. After Tien-Tsin, Captain Bookmiller put in a special report, stating the work done by Dr. Banister and Privates Heinze and Hamilton, of the hospital corps. Major Lee, in his official report, made recommendation that



MAJOR BANISTER, AN AMERICAN ARMY SURGEON, PROMOTED FOR BRILLIANT SERVICE.

Major Banister be given the brevet rank of major in the regular army. These recommendations have not yet been acted upon, but there is no doubt of the issue, and we congratulate Major Banister on the promise of honors which he richly deserves.

—Henry O. Tanner is the only man of color who has attained pre-eminence as a painter. France, the cradle of the arts, paid tribute to his genius by purchasing one of his canvases. A native of Philadelphia, and the son of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, he was reared in a religious environment. Religion has been his inspiration, as his subjects are all sacred. Mr. Tanner early displayed a predilection for art, and entered the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. He dreamed of Paris, with its facilities for study. A generous patron made it possible for him to realize his longings, and he became a student in the Julian



HENRY O. TANNER, THE FAMOUS COLORED ARTIST.

school, with such men as Benjamin Constant and John Paul Laurens as teachers. The first year he won the prize for composition. His first ambitious work, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," was hung in the Salon, receiving "mention honorable." Emboldened by this success, the next year he exhibited "The Raising of Lazarus," which was purchased by the Société des Artistes Français, who placed it in the Luxembourg, the highest honor that can be paid to a living artist. Mr. Tanner's native city, Philadelphia, has purchased several of his works. His latest picture, "Christ Among the Doctors," is a masterpiece of composition and coloring.

—It is a glorious thing for a man who loves fighting to fight. It must afford quite a different sensation to be an outlaw with every man's hand against him and with every prowler licensed to kill him. Panay, one of the central islands of the Philippine group, was the scene of the first attempt at resistance to the United States troops when the latter landed and took possession of the port of Iloilo. General Sexito Lopez, a middle-aged man of wealth, education, and position, was one of the leading generals of the insurgent forces of Panay. Lopez is the last general who remained "in the woods."



LOPEZ, THE OUTLAW OF PANAY.

The insurgent army in Panay has been dispersed, and Lopez, who seemed born to better things, has been declared an outlaw. Deserted by all except three or four of his men, poor, ragged, and often hungry, he prowls through the jungle, hiding every time that he spies a stranger in the distance. He yet hopes for the success of the lost Filipino cause, and has sworn to kill every United States soldier he can ambush.

—A class of delegates who will attend the Jubilee Y. M. C. A. Convention in Boston, June 11th to 16th, will be known as "the veterans." Conspicuous among them will be Attorney Cephas Brainerd, of New York, who joined the New York association in 1853, the second year of its existence. Mr. Brainerd will be threescore and ten years old next September. He attributes to the association, influences which made him a pronounced Christian man. He was for twenty-seven years superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, of New York. For ten years he was connected with the New York Prison Association as one of its managers and its recording secretary. He became a director of the New York Y. M. C. A. in 1857. In 1865 he was chosen president, for that year, of the international convention of the associations. In 1866 he was elected member of the executive committee of that convention, becoming, in 1868, its chairman. He served for twenty-five years, and then was honored by a banquet tendered by his associates in Y. M. C. A. work. When his chairmanship began the committee, consisting of five members, all residing in New York, was the agent of some sixty-five societies, which were expending but a few thousand dollars annually. It now has about forty members distributed throughout the leading cities of the continent, and is the agent of 1,439 American societies, which last year expended in buildings and in work over \$6,800,000. The international committee now employs forty-three secretaries, and expends \$140,000. It publishes three periodicals and fifty pamphlets annually. Mr. Brainerd wrote the reports of the inter-



CEPHAS BRAINERD, PROMINENT IN Y. M. C. A. WORK.

national committee during his chairmanship. Mr. Brainerd has lived to see his correct conception and understanding of the associations, unpopular at first, gain at last general approval and ascendancy. They emphasize the Christian motive; they seek young Christian men to work for young men. They are composed primarily of laymen. Mr. Brainerd will be one of the commanding figures on the platform and in the proceedings of the Boston convention.

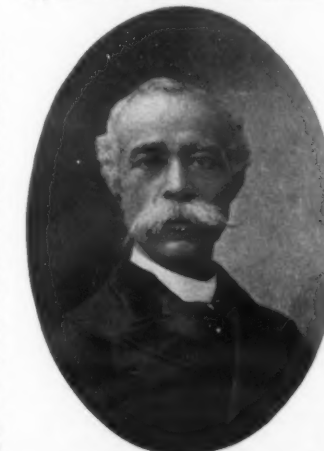
—Lady Bryan Leighton is the only woman in the world who holds the position of Master of the Fox Hounds. Lady Leighton is the wife of Sir Bryan Leighton, who succeeded Major Childe, who was killed after leading Squadron F, of the South African Light Horse, in a victorious assault, and asked that his epitaph be, "Is it well with Childe? It is well." Sir Bryan served in the United States Army against Spain in the recent Spanish-American war, and has written a book about the war. This adventurous young baronet is a cousin of the late Major Childe, and was standing beside him when he was shot. Sir Bryan went to South Africa as a correspondent, but got a commission with the Light Horse. Lady Leighton loves adventure as much as her husband, and has accompanied him on many of his journeys. She is a famous rider to hounds, and her position in England as Master of the Fox Hounds is due in a measure to this. She is accomplished in all sports, and is a fine shot.

—Genuine merit received its just and due reward in the appointment by President McKinley, on April 1st, of ex-Congressman John R. Lynch as a captain and assistant paymaster in the army. Mr. Lynch has served long and creditably in various high and responsible public positions. He represented the Sixth District of Mississippi in the Forty-third, Forty-fourth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, and was auditor for the Navy Department during the Harrison administration. He was temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1884, and was a member of the committee on platform and resolutions. During the Spanish-American war Mr. Lynch was appointed a major and paymaster of volunteers, and is now serving in that capacity at Santiago, Cuba. He is the first negro, with the exception of a few chaplains for service with negro regiments, ever commissioned for staff duty in the regular army.



LADY BRYAN LEIGHTON.

—It has not often happened in modern times that a soldier of nineteen years could follow his country's flag into battle in three different wars in as many different lands during three successive years, and distinguish himself in each of them. Such, however, is the distinction which belongs to Captain Smedley D. Butler, United States Army, a son of Congressman Butler, of Pennsylvania. Young Butler's first baptism of fire was in Cuba, where he served in a Pennsylvania regiment through the "unpleasantness" in that quarter. Immediately after, when the scene of warlike operations was transferred to the Philippines, the young Pennsylvanian went to the Philippines, and did his full part in the subsequent campaign, not yet ended, against the insurgent followers of Aguinaldo. The next chapter opened when Butler's regiment was ordered from the Philippines to China, to take part in the residue of the legations. At the battle of Tien-Tsin the young soldier, who had now attained the rank of lieutenant, was shot while carrying a wounded comrade away from the firing-line. For this act of gallantry Lieutenant Butler was commended to the British war department by General Dorward. Notwithstanding his wound Lieutenant Butler went on with the allied armies to Peking and participated in all the engagements around that city. He was again wounded here, but refused to go to the rear, and was chosen to carry a message to Minister Conger, a duty which he successfully performed. Soon after this he was attacked with the dread disease typhoid, and was in the hospital for many weary weeks. He was sent home finally from the Philippines with other convalescents on the transport *Grant*. He recovered on the way, and is now in good health again and ready for duty.



HON. JOHN R. LYNCH, THE FIRST COLORED MAN TO BE APPOINTED TO THE REGULAR ARMY SERVICE FOR GENERAL STAFF DUTY.

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CAPTAIN SMEDLEY D. BUTLER, A YOUNG VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

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A BROKER EAGERLY RUSHING TO GET AN AUTO-MOBILE TO TAKE HIM TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE DURING THE PANIC.



EXCITEMENT AMONG THE CURBSTONE BROKERS, WHO BUY AND SELL OUTSIDE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.



WOMEN SPECULATORS IN ONE OF THE NUMEROUS BROKERS' OFFICES FOR WOMEN. LAMENTING THE SUDDEN CRASH—AN ACTUAL SCENE.



EXCITED BROKERS ON THE FLOOR OF THE TEMPORARY STOCK EXCHANGE IN THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING.

THE WALL-STREET PANIC OF 1901.

AN UNPRECEDENTED CORNER IN NORTHERN PACIFIC STOCK LEADS TO A COLLAPSE OF THE MARKET, INVOLVING WIDESPREAD RUIN AND THE LOSS OF MANY FORTUNES.—DRAWINGS BY T. DART WALKER, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

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PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—If the America's Cup is wrested from our grasp this year—a quite improbable event—it will be owing largely to the genius and professional skill of the man who designed the little craft which is to make another bid, in the name of the English yachting world, for the prize—Mr. George Lennox Watson. Mr. Watson has been engaged as a professional designer and ship-builder for thirty-five years, and some of the finest vessels flying the English flag are the products of his skill. In 1872 he designed the *Clotilde*, which proved a great success. In 1880 he planned the construction of the *Vandura*, which beat the famous *Formosa*, owned by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. In the races for the America's Cup in recent years Mr. Watson's name has become familiar from the fact that he furnished the plans for the *Thistle*, *Valkyrie II*, and *Valkyrie III*. The finest vessel he has ever designed is said to be the *Britannia*, cutter of the Prince of Wales. Besides yachts, Mr. Watson has furnished plans for a large number of ocean-going steamers. He is only fifty-one years of age.

MR. GEORGE LENNOX WATSON, THE DESIGNER OF "SHAMROCK II"

—Women wearing the titles of nobility are not so much of a novelty on the stage in these days, either in America or abroad, as to make the advent of a new star of this order a matter of sensational interest, but there are various reasons why the coming of the Countess Russell to fill an engagement in this country should be regarded as an event out of the ordinary. The countess made her professional debut only a few months ago in the English provinces in one of George Edwards's musical plays, when she was at once chronicled a pronounced success, and not long after made her appearance in London, at the Tivoli, where she added greatly to her popularity. It is said that the countess was induced to accept an American engagement by the offer of a notably large salary. Before leaving England the countess expected to secure a final settlement in an action for divorce against Earl Russell.

—An army surgeon may do splendid service on the field, and yet his gallantry pass almost unnoticed, unless—such is the irony of fate—he happens to be wounded. Major Banister, during the battle of Tien-Tsin, did not spare himself. He attended to the wounded officers and men of the Ninth Infantry on that field swept with bullets as coolly and successfully as if he were in hospital. The wonder is that he was not hit. Dr. Banister entered the army in 1883 as a contract doctor, and was regularly commissioned in 1886. He became a captain in the regular service in 1891, and was made a major of volunteers in 1898; was mustered out the year after, and re-commissioned as major in November, 1899. Major Banister has had an eventful career. He was with

Lawton on the latter's famous Geronimo campaign. He served through the "Wounded Knee" campaign in the winter of 1890-91. He went to Cuba as surgeon of the Second Infantry, and remained after the campaign as acting chief surgeon of General Kent's division. When it was rumored that the United States troops would go from the Philippines to China, Dr. Banister—who was then chief surgeon first district, department of southern Luzon, serving on General Hall's staff—offered his services for duty in China. He was attached to the Ninth Infantry, and was appointed by Colonel Meade, of the United States Marine Corps, after the battle of Tien-Tsin, as chief surgeon of the United States forces in China. Later he was announced in orders by General Chaffee as chief surgeon of the China relief expedition. After the Santiago campaign, in a special report, Dr. Banister was commended for gallantry on the field. He was recommended for brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. After Tien-Tsin, Captain Bookmiller put in a special report, stating the work done by Dr. Banister and Privates Heinze and Hamilton, of the hospital corps. Major Lee, in his official report, made recommendation that

MAJOR BANISTER, AN AMERICAN-ARMY SURGEON, PROMOTED FOR BRILLIANT SERVICE.

Major Banister be given the brevet rank of major in the regular army. These recommendations have not yet been acted upon, but there is no doubt of the issue, and we congratulate Major Banister on the promise of honors which he richly deserves.

—Henry O. Tanner is the only man of color who has attained pre-eminence as a painter. France, the cradle of the arts, paid tribute to his genius by purchasing one of his canvases. A native of Philadelphia, and the son of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, he was reared in a religious environment. Religion has been his inspiration, as his subjects are all sacred. Mr. Tanner early displayed a predilection for art, and entered the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. He dreamed of Paris, with its facilities for study. A generous patron made it possible for him to realize his longings, and he became a student in the Julian school, with such men as Benjamin Constant and John Paul Laurens as teachers. The first year he won the prize for composition. His first ambitious work, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," was hung in the Salon, receiving "mention honorable." Emboldened by this success, the next year he exhibited "The Raising of Lazarus," which was purchased by the Société des Artistes Français, who placed it in the Luxembourg, the highest honor that can be paid to a living artist. Mr. Tanner's native city, Philadelphia, has purchased several of his works. His latest picture, "Christ Among the Doctors," is a masterpiece of composition and coloring.



HENRY O. TANNER, THE FAMOUS COLORED ARTIST.

—It is a glorious thing for a man who loves fighting to fight. It must afford quite a different sensation to be an outlaw with every man's hand against him and with every prowler licensed to kill him. Panay, one of the central islands of the Philippine group, was the scene of the first attempt at resistance to the United States troops when the latter landed and took possession of the port of Iloilo. General Serrano, a middle-aged man of wealth, education, and position, was one of the leading generals of the insurgent forces of Panay. Lopez is the last general who remained "in the woods."

The insurgent army in Panay has been dispersed, and Lopez, who seemed born to better things, has been declared an outlaw. Deserted by all except three or four of his men, poor, ragged, and often hungry, he prowls through the jungle, hiding every time that he spies a stranger in the distance. He yet hopes for the success of the lost Filipino cause, and has sworn to kill every United States soldier he can ambush.

—A class of delegates who will attend the Jubilee Y. M. C. A. Convention in Boston, June 11th to 16th, will be known as "the veterans." Conspicuous among them will be Attorney Cephas Brainerd, of New York, who joined the New York association in 1853, the second year of its existence. Mr. Brainerd will be threescore and ten years old next September. He attributes to the association, influences which made him a pronounced Christian man. He was for twenty-seven years superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, of New York. For ten years he was connected with the New York Prison Association as one of its managers and its recording secretary. He became a director of the New York Y. M. C. A. in 1857. In 1865 he was chosen president, for that year, of the international convention of the associations. In 1866 he was elected member of the executive committee of that convention, becoming, in 1868, its chairman. He served for twenty-five years, and then was honored by a banquet tendered by his associates in Y. M. C. A. work. When his chairmanship began the committee, consisting of five members, all residing in New York, was the agent of some sixty-five societies, which were expending but a few thousand dollars annually. It now has about forty members distributed throughout the leading cities of the continent, and is the agent of 1,439 American societies, which last year expended in buildings and in work over \$6,000,000. The international committee now employs forty-three secretaries, and expends \$140,000. It publishes three periodicals and fifty pamphlets annually. Mr. Brainerd wrote the reports of the inter-

national committee during his chairmanship. Mr. Brainerd has lived to see his correct conception and understanding of the associations, unpopular at first, gain at last general approval and ascendancy. They emphasize the Christian motive; they seek young Christian men to work for young men. They are composed primarily of laymen. Mr. Brainerd will be one of the commanding figures on the platform and in the proceedings of the Boston convention.

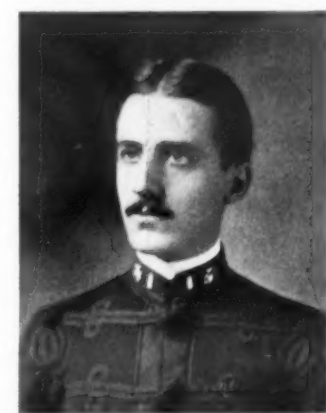
—Lady Bryan Leighton is the only woman in the world who holds the position of Master of the Fox Hounds. Lady Leighton is the wife of Sir Bryan Leighton, who succeeded Major Child, who was killed after leading Squadron F, of the South African Light Horse, in a victorious assault, and asked that his epitaph be, "Is it well with Child? It is well." Sir Bryan served in the United States Army against Spain in the recent Spanish-American war, and has written a book about the war. This adventurous young baronet is a cousin of the late Major Child, and was standing beside him when he was shot. Sir Bryan went to South Africa as a correspondent, but got a commission with the Light Horse. Lady Leighton loves adventure as much as her husband, and has accompanied him on many of his journeys. She is a famous rider to hounds, and her position in England as Master of the Fox Hounds is due in a measure to this. She is accomplished in all sports, and is a fine shot.

—Genuine merit received its just and due reward in the appointment by President McKinley, on April 1st, of ex-Congressman John R. Lynch as a captain and assistant paymaster in the army. Mr. Lynch has served long and creditably in various high and responsible public positions. He represented the Sixth District of Mississippi in the Forty-third, Forty-fourth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, and was auditor for the Navy Department during the Harrison administration. He was temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1884, and was a member of the committee on platform and resolutions. During the Spanish-American war Mr. Lynch was appointed a major and paymaster of volunteers, and is now serving in that capacity at Santiago, Cuba. He is the first negro, with the exception of a few chaplains for service with negro regiments, ever commissioned for staff duty in the regular army.

—It has not often happened in modern times that a soldier of nineteen years could follow his country's flag into battle in three different wars in as many different lands during three successive years, and distinguish himself in each of them. Such, however, is the distinction which belongs to Captain Smedley D. Butler, United States Army, a son of Congressman Butler, of Pennsylvania. Young Butler's first baptism of fire was in Cuba, where he served in a Pennsylvania regiment through the "unpleasantness" in that quarter. Immediately after, when the scene of warlike operations was transferred to the Philippines, the young Pennsylvanian went along with his comrades-in-arms, and did his full part in the long campaign, not yet ended, against the insurgent followers of Aguinaldo. The next chapter opened when Butler's regiment was ordered from the Philippines to China, to take part in the rescue of the legations. At the battle of Tien-Tsin the young soldier, who had now attained the rank of lieutenant, was shot while carrying a wounded comrade away from the firing-line. For this act of gallantry Lieutenant Butler was commended to the British war department by General Dordard. Notwithstanding his wound Lieutenant Butler went on with the allied armies to Peking and participated in all the engagements around that city. He was again wounded here, but refused to go to the rear, and was chosen to carry a message to Minister Conger, a duty which he successfully performed. Soon after this he was attacked with the dread disease typhoid, and was in the hospital for many weary weeks. He was sent home finally from the Philippines with other convalescents on the transport *Grant*. He recovered on the way, and is now in good health again and ready for duty.

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CAPTAIN SMEDLEY D. BUTLER, A YOUNG VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

CEPHAS BRAINERD, PROMINENT IN Y. M. C. A. WORK.



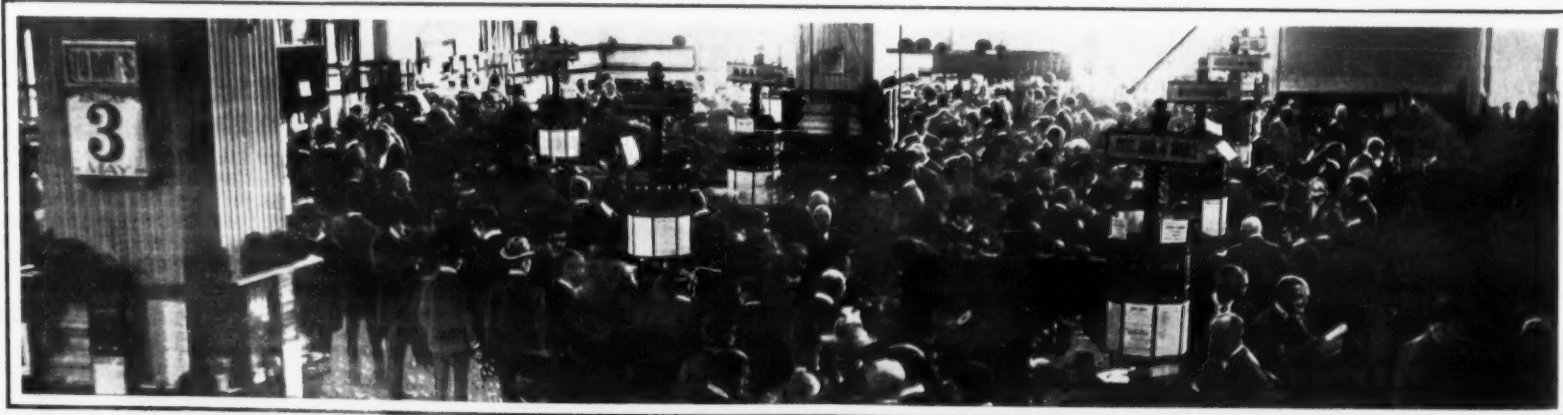
A BROKER EAGERLY RUSHING TO GET AN AUTO-MOBILE TO TAKE HIM TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE DURING THE PANIC.



EXCITEMENT AMONG THE CURBSTONE BROKERS, WHO BUY AND SELL OUTSIDE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.



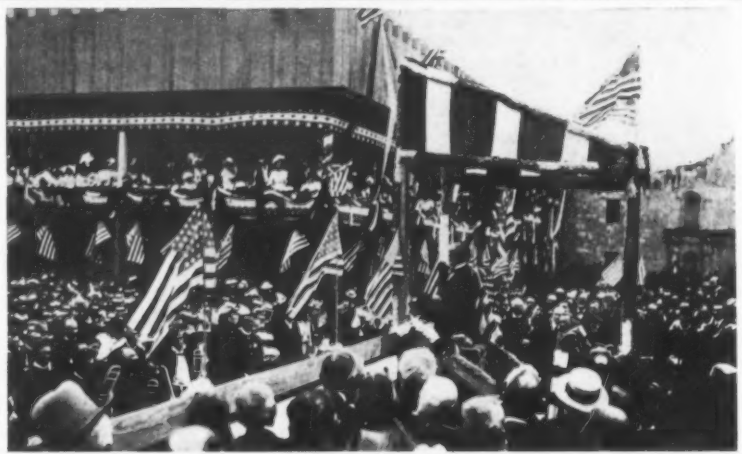
WOMEN SPECULATORS IN ONE OF THE NUMEROUS BROKERS' OFFICES FOR WOMEN. LAMENTING THE SUDDEN CRASH—AN ACTUAL SCENE.



EXCITED BROKERS ON THE FLOOR OF THE TEMPORARY STOCK EXCHANGE IN THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING.

THE WALL-STREET PANIC OF 1901.

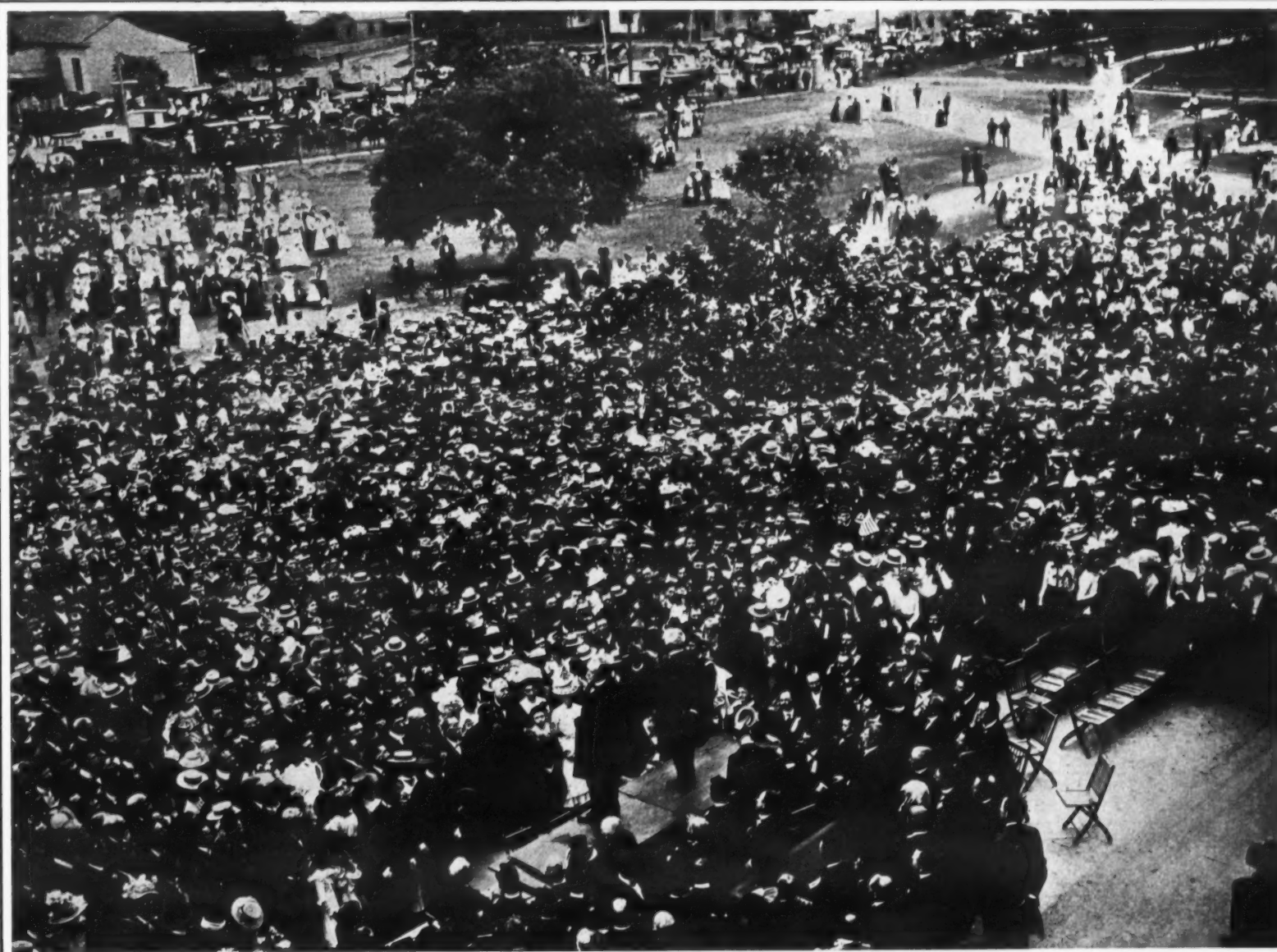
AN UNPRECEDENTED CORNER IN NORTHERN PACIFIC STOCK LEADS TO A COLLAPSE OF THE MARKET, INVOLVING WIDESPREAD RUIN AND THE LOSS OF MANY FORTUNES.—DRAWINGS BY T. DART WALKER, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN.—[SEE PAGE 508.]



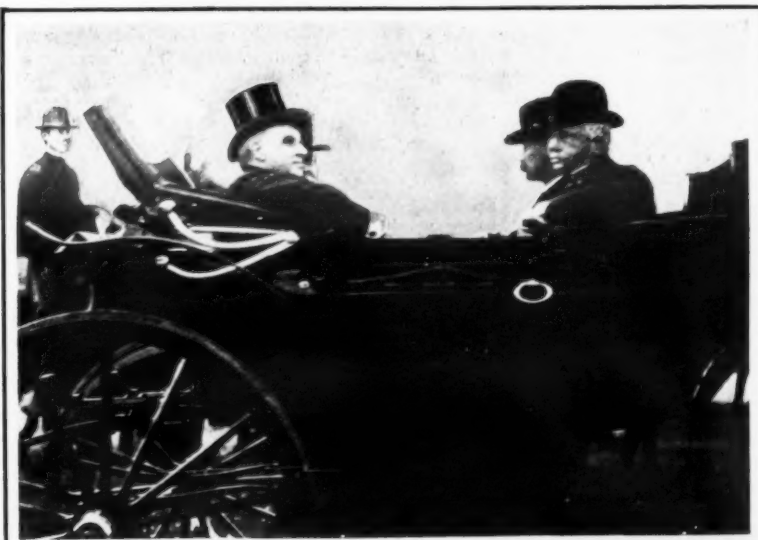
THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING IN FRONT OF THE HISTORIC ALAMO, AT SAN ANTONIO.



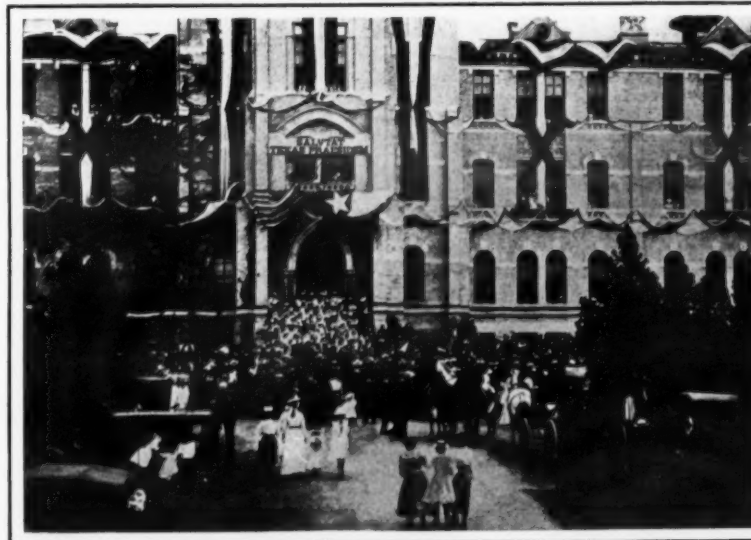
SOME OF THE HANDSOME AND PATRIOTIC FIVE THOUSAND YOUNG TEXANS WHO WELCOMED THE PRESIDENT AT SAN ANTONIO.



GOVERNOR SAYERS INTRODUCING THE PRESIDENT TO AN IMMENSE THROG, IN FRONT OF THE STATE CAPITAL AT AUSTIN.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ENJOYING HIS HEARTY WELCOME AT AUSTIN, WHERE CONFEDERATES AND GRAND ARMY VETERANS MARCHED SIDE BY SIDE AS HIS ESCORT.



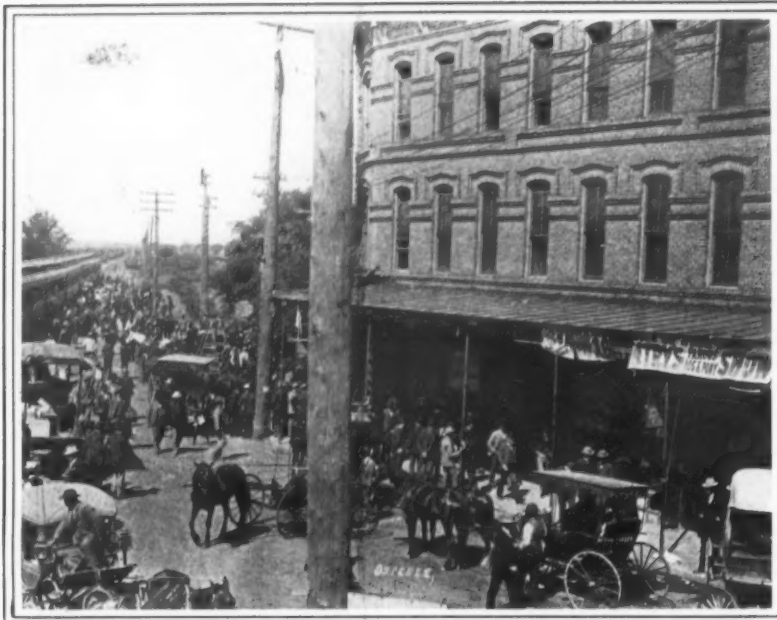
WARM RECEPTION TO THE PRESIDENT BY THE GRACIOUS YOUNG WOMEN STUDENTS ON THE STEPS OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY AT AUSTIN.

OUR CHIEF MAGISTRATE'S TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY THROUGH THE LONE STAR STATE.
HE DECLARES, AFTER VISITING THE SOUTH, THAT "WE ARE A UNITED PEOPLE, AND THERE NEVER WAS SO MUCH FOR A NATION OF 75,000,000 PERSONS TO BE PROUD OF AS AT THIS HOUR.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

THE RUSH TO THE AMAZING OIL REGION IN TEXAS.



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FAMOUS BEAUMONT OIL FIELDS IN TEXAS, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARY RUSH OF PROSPECTORS.



TRAIN-LOADS OF SPECULATORS AND INVESTORS ARRIVING AT BEAUMONT.



THE CRUSH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CROSBY HOTEL AT BEAUMONT, DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE OIL EXCITEMENT.

THE AMAZING OIL BOOM AT BEAUMONT, TEXAS.

THOUSANDS OF STRANGERS POURING INTO THE LITTLE LUMBER TOWN IN SEARCH OF BARGAINS IN OIL LANDS.
Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Ostebee, Beaumont.

BEAUMONT, TEXAS, May 10th, 1901.—Beaumont's oil boom is one of the wonderful incidents of this wonderful age, and in most respects surpasses all previous booms of a booming era. Striking oil here has, within a short period, transformed this quiet little corner of the magnificent State of Texas into a busy, bustling camp, with thousands of fortune-seekers and speculators, hurrying to and fro, wildly excited, eager and expectant, and oblivious to all else but their scramble for wealth. The busy times of Butte City, Deadwood, Cripple Creek, and other Western mining booms were characterized by more lawlessness, but had less rush, excitement, and reckless speculation than the oil boom of Beaumont. The class of people who are here to speculate in oil lands and leases comprise, as a rule, the better element—industrious, law-abiding men, full of business, instead of fight and bad whiskey. Most of the oil boomers are business men from the Southern States. The Northern element is just beginning to come in, for the Northern men do not realize the full extent of the wealth of oil that is being found.

The Texas oil excitement had its incipency in the finding of oil in sinking for water at Corsicana several years ago, and far-sighted individuals, who had seen the effects of striking oil in other States, began securing lands, which, until two years ago, could be bought at almost any price one would pay, from one dollar an acre upward. Now prices are going up with leaps and bounds. In many instances advances have been fabulous. Land recently worth but a few dollars an acre is now worth many thousands, and in one instance the astonishing sum of \$100,000 is said to have been refused for a single acre of oil land. For a while the wildest speculation prevailed. No matter what price one paid for oil lands he could find some one else ready to purchase at an advance; but this reckless spirit is subsiding, and everything is simmering down to a more rational basis. Much of the property recently purchased has been taken off the market, and big companies have been organized to develop the land and sink for oil. The hawking of lands and stocks on the streets has ceased, and the army of curbstome brokers that obstructed the sidewalks has dwindled down to a few scattering individuals with special properties to sell. Many "curbstomers" have found offices in newly constructed booths, stalls, sheds, and tents, every available porch, building, and vacant lot in the business centre having been rented for this purpose. Even the old opera house, a rickety, dilapidated concern, has been cut up into numerous booths and transformed into a busy real-estate and oil exchange. Space is valuable, some booths bringing as high as \$200 a month rental, and stalls scarcely large enough to stable a small-sized burro bring seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month.

Boom prices prevail everywhere. The hotels, which are

turning people away daily, have advanced their prices and are making money while the oil flows. The busy hacks and livery stables are reaping a harvest; restaurants have advanced their prices and reduced the portions of food, and even the boot-blacks are profiting by Beaumont's big boom, and charge dimes instead of nickels. Rooms that were renting at five dollars a month a few weeks ago are worth thirty dollars a month now, and are in demand at that price. One of the leading hotels has rented its halls and several extra rooms in an office building across the street and filled all available space with bunks three stories high, which it rents at one dollar a night each; and in order to secure his bunk the lodger must pay his dollar early in the evening and get his number, else he may be compelled to walk the streets all night or lodge in a chair if fortunate enough to find one empty.

Many persons go down to Port Arthur every night to secure comfortable lodging. The Kansas City Southern Railroad, the only direct route from Kansas City to the new oil fields, has a very fine hotel at Port Arthur, with luxurious surroundings, where the refreshing Gulf breezes tend to revive the weary boomer after a busy day among buyers and sellers. Port Arthur is an ideal spot for rest, and every evening train is loaded with passengers for that delightful resort. The distance from Beaumont is but eighteen miles, and in the future, when Beaumont becomes a manufacturing city, Port Arthur, now a leading Gulf port, will doubtless become a city of homes for those who do business in Beaumont.



THE GREATEST OIL FIRE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN, BURNING 400,000 BARRELS OF OIL AT BEAUMONT.
Photograph by Ostebee.

The centre of the new Texas oil field is about three miles south of Beaumont, but new discoveries are being made and the oil region may be vastly expanded, for a great deal of prospecting is being done in all directions for many miles. Beaumont is eighty-four miles east of Houston, the largest railroad centre in Texas. The oil region is in the centre of a rich agricultural district, where a great deal of cotton and rice are produced, and close to a fine lumber country; hence with nature's provision for cheap oil fuel, this seems destined to become one of the great manufacturing centres of the globe.

The supply of oil here seems practically inexhaustible, and while the quality is not as good as that found in some places, it makes up in quantity what it lacks in quality. The Beaumont product contains only about twenty per cent. illuminating oil, hence it will never enter into serious competition with the illuminating oil from the Eastern field. The Texas oil is principally a fuel oil, but the belief prevails that a large quantity of excellent lubricating oil can be obtained from the crude output of the wells.

The quantity-producing capacity of the new oil fields is the wonder of the age, and Texas oil may yet revolutionize the fuel question. The Beaumont fields are almost identical, in the character of the oil and the geological conditions, with the Russian oil fields. The Russian fields are located near the shore of the Caspian Sea, and the Beaumont oil fields are a few miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The most productive oil strata in the Russian fields are found from 1,000 to 1,500 feet below sea level, and the same conditions prevail here. Both the Russian and the Beaumont wells are cut through loose soil and sand, both have an asphalt base and have many other characteristics in common. The Russian fields have solved the problem of cheap fuel for that country, and the Beaumont fields seem destined to have the same effect upon this country. Already more than two hundred oil companies have been incorporated to operate in the country tributary to Beaumont, with a capital ranging from \$50,000 to \$5,000,000 each.

Great fortunes are being rapidly made here, and many men who never had as much as a thousand dollars at one time before have suddenly found themselves possessors of big bank accounts. One man recently refused an offer of \$200,000 for his one-eighth interest in a big "gusher." The amount of money he had invested in this well was just \$3,000. There are other instances of great luck. A prominent Denver man proved one of the lucky investors, and in his case it was luck, pure and simple. The story of his remarkable deal is told in his own language. "About five years ago I was the possessor of a swell little Shetland team and basket surrey. The turnout was the admiration of the city and the coveted prize of the children,

especially the pretty little daughter of a wealthy gambler. This little girl wanted my pony rig, and her father was in the habit of satisfying her wishes if money would obtain the desired object. He approached me one day with a fair offer, but I wasn't anxious to sell. His return visits were frequent, and every time there was a slight advance in the price offered. One day he dropped into my office and, pulling from his pocket a roll of bills, offered me a thousand dollars for the rig. I hesitated. 'Better still,' said the gambler, 'I'll give you a thousand dollars in cash and the deed to one hundred and seventy-five acres of land in Jefferson County, Texas, about four miles from a little town called Beaumont. I'm told there is fine timber on the land, but I know nothing of its value, as I have never seen or investigated the property.' He was persistent and generous in his offers, and I closed the deal, though reluctantly. I kept the taxes paid on the land, but aside from this gave it very little attention. Several months ago I was wired an offer of fifty dollars per acre for the tract. I smelled a mouse. The oil excitement came on and I was almost deluged in telegraphic offers. The price was daily going skyward, and on Monday I closed a deal whereby I realized exactly \$88,500 by the sale of my Shetland team of ponies and the basket surrey."

Many other instances are given where men suddenly acquired great wealth through being the fortunate owners of a few acres of oil land in the vicinity of one of the "gushers." The famous Beaumont "gusher," which began to flow January 10th at the rate of about 50,000 barrels of oil a day, continued to flow uninterruptedly for ten days, and produced an immense lake of oil. Being considered dangerous, it was to be burned, but before the torch could be applied the great lake was set on fire by a spark from an engine, and Beaumont witnessed the greatest oil fire in the world's history. The smoke looked like a tornado-cloud, and the flames produced a cyclone of fire, which consumed about 400,000 barrels of oil. Other instances of seeming waste of oil are in evidence in Beaumont, where some of the streets of the city are sprinkled with oil to lay the dust, and very effectually it does the work. The thousands of hot and dusty boomers doubtless wish that every street in Beaumont would be liberally sprinkled with oil, for the dust is sometimes almost suffocating.

The great accumulation of mail has almost paralyzed the post-office force, and several times the department has found it necessary to put on additional clerks. Hundreds of applications have been made to rent post office boxes, but every box is rented, and long lines of men can be seen at all hours of the day taking their turn at the delivery windows. As much as one dollar is often paid by some impatient man for a better place in line, and there are always negroes and boys ready to sell their places at any price from a dollar to a dime.

The Kansas City Southern Railway is doing an enormous business, and the pretty little seaport of Port Arthur is reaping the benefits of Beaumont's boom also. Its invigorating Gulf breeze makes it one of the most delightful summer resorts imaginable. It seems destined to grow with Beaumont, and to become one of the great Southern shipping points as the result of the Texan oil strike.

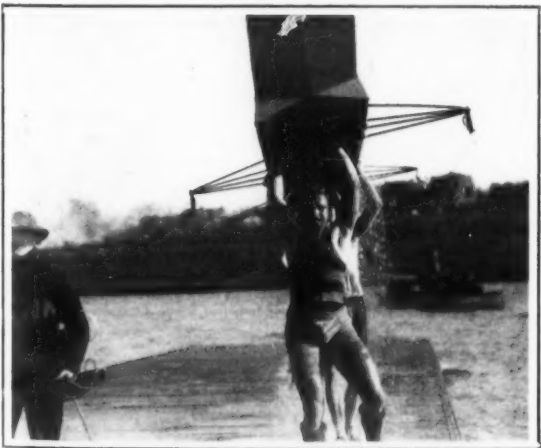
FRANK EBERLE.

How a Famous Trainer Hopes to Win the Henley.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., May 11th, 1901.—Pennsylvania's crew to row in the Henley regatta has been selected. It contains a



ELLIS WARD, THE NOTED COACH, CRITICALLY WATCHING THE CREWS FROM THE BOAT-HOUSE SLIP.



PENNSYLVANIA'S HENLEY CREW LIFTING THEIR BOAT OUT OF THE WATER AFTER A HOT BRUSH WITH THE POUGHKEEPSIE "EIGHT."

pick of the oarsmen who won the intercollegiate race at Poughkeepsie last year. Ellis Ward, the coach, says the crew is faster by a few seconds than the one which laid Cornell, Columbia, Wisconsin, and Georgetown in the dust. This prediction he makes now. Later it may be changed. The rowing season has been backward, owing to the cold weather and rough water. Ward expects to add quite a few seconds to Pennsylvania's speed before the men who are to represent America at the world's greatest regatta sail in June.

This year will be the most trying in its rowing annals for Pennsylvania. It is making ready two crews, one for the Henley races and the other for Poughkeepsie. These crews must be marvelously strong, and they must be trained after entirely different fashions. The course at Poughkeepsie is four miles long, and that at Henley a mile and a half. Then the climatic conditions are far from being the same. To pick twenty top-notch oarsmen from one college, and to whip them into shape, each for a particular spot in a boat, is, considering the novel requirements of this particular season, a task little less than Herculean. Of course these twenty men allow two substitutes for each boat. The Henley crew will be the stronger of the two. This is accepted without argument, but, Ward says, the difference will not be sufficient to allow Cornell and Columbia to have the Hudson entirely to themselves at Poughkeepsie.

As stroke of the Henley crew, Ward has fixed upon John Gardner. Ward looks upon Gardner as a phenomenal oarsman. He has never stroked a boat in a race and lost, and this is his fourth year. If Gardner wins at Henley he will be the greatest college stroke in the world. Briggs, of Cornell, was never known to lose a race until he met Gardner on the Hudson last year. And yet this man is so clumsy-looking to the lay eye that Ward was ashamed to let it be known the first year that he intended giving him a place in the boat. Gardner humps himself up like a dromedary when he rows. Indeed, there are few oarsmen in the country less picturesque than he. But no matter what the distance, he is always smooth, his judgment is good, and he always has a spurt left.

William Gardner, John's brother, is No. 7 in the Henley crew. Allen is No. 6; Flikwer, the captain, is No. 5; Crowther, No. 4; Kunneuch, No. 3; Isenbray, No. 2; and Zane, No. 1. Davenport, the man who caught the crab at Poughkeepsie, may displace one of these men if he is well enough. Just now he is in the hospital trying to recover from an operation. Who the substitutes will be cannot be told—even Ward does not know.

It was only a few days ago that the crew was put at a training-table. Training under Ellis Ward (and it will be noted that for the past two years Pennsylvania has won the intercollegiate) is not a feat in gastronomy. Ward allows his men plenty of roast beef and lamb and mutton. Steaks and chops and eggs may also always be had. "Where many coaches make their mistake," Ward said to me to-day, "is denying oarsmen vegetables. I allow the boys to eat all they want. They may even have coffee once a day. Chicken they get twice a week, and fish is allowed once. Ale? Never a swallow of it do they get. It may do all right in England, but not in this climate. I have proved this. Since I have stopped using ale the men never faint in the boat. Every other college in the country, with the exception of Cornell, gives its oarsmen ale."

Ward is training the Henley and the Poughkeepsie crews by playing one against the other. He has been put back considerably by the tardiness of spring, but from now on, when the weather is not exceptionally bad, he will have the men out every day. In fact, Ward expects to train the Henley oarsmen all the way across the ocean. They will be practiced at rowing-machines aboard ship twice a day, and the steamship people have agreed to give them a regular training-table, over which Ellis Ward will preside just as he does right here at home.

"A point at which coaches have been in error in the past," Ward pointed out as we discussed the situation, "is in arriving with their crews in England too long before the race. Cornell was there three weeks. Yale was there four weeks. Other colleges have had their men there nearly as long. We will be in England ten days before the regatta. That will be plenty long enough. I really believe that an American crew will do better during its first week than ever after. The Canadians say that if they ever go over again they will arrange so as to row two or three days after arriving."

In training his crew Ward is making an allowance of from five to ten seconds in favor of the Englishmen, because of their long training. Across the water oarsmen begin almost before they are out of knickerbockers. They row through Eton, and then through Oxford or Cambridge, putting on the finishing touches as members of the Leander and other clubs. They are like professionals, so far as training goes. Pennsylvania will practically be obliged to meet all England. Yet Zane is a fresh-

man, and Isenbray and Will Gardner are sophomores. But in spite of these handicaps Ward expects to win. In fact, he has no other idea about it.

"Now, I want you to say for me," Ward emphasized as I arose to go, "and please don't forget it, that there won't be any copying of English methods when we get on the other side. They won't say about me as they did about Courtney. I won't adopt English oars, and if I am beaten half a mile, I won't change a stroke. Here is where Bob Cook made his mistake, when he went over with Yale—he adopted English oars and rigging just a few days before the race. Everything about us will be American from the rowlocks up. I am having two boats and two sets of oars made here. We will use wide American oars, instead of long, slender ones. I have always used this kind of an oar. Others have changed about, but we have kept right on beating them."

THAN V. RANCK.

Gone By.

(From the German of Emanuel Geibel.)

Ah! therefore is the spring so full
Of fragrant and song,
Since swiftly over hill and dale
It hastens and is gone.
And therefore is the dream so sweet,
The dream of fond first-love,
Since shorter than the blossom-time
Its fleeting moments prove.
And yet!—it leaves the heart so rich,
So tender and so warm—
That I have loved, that I've adored,
I cherish as life's charm.
Into my heart, beam upon beam,
I've drawn the brief bright day,
The sun now calmly sinks to rest—
So come what still come may.
And be it woe, or be it joy,
It bravely borne shall be;
The treasure that's my heart within
Remains for aye with me.

KATHARINE WAKEMANN.

Old Soakers.

GET SATURATED WITH CAFFEINE.

WHEN a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., Mrs. S. M. Brazier, says she used coffee for about forty years, and for the past twenty years was troubled with stomach trouble. "I have been treated by many physicians, but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect a cure. Was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again, and it soured on my stomach."

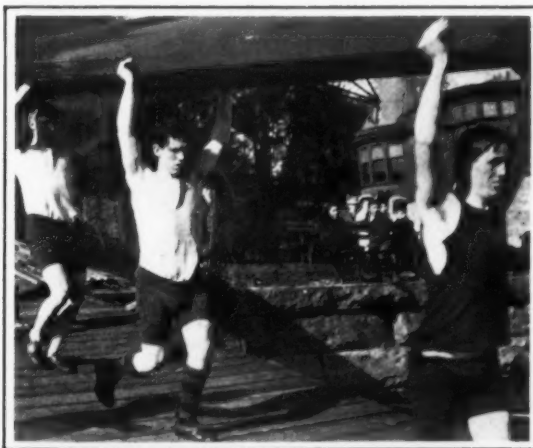
"I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles, and stopped using it. I tried tea and then milk in its place, but neither agreed with me; then I commenced using Postum Food Coffee. I had it properly made, and it was very pleasing to the taste."

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia."

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it, I appreciate Postum."



"READY—IN!"—THE OARSMEN TAKING THEIR SEATS IN AN EIGHT-OARED SHELL AT THE CAPTAIN'S SIGNAL.



THE MUSCULAR "QUAKERS" RUNNING OUT THE BOAT PREPARATORY TO A SPIN ON THE SCHUYLKILL.



HENLEY CREW PREPARING TO SHOVE OFF—"PORT OARS ASHORE."

TRAINING A UNIVERSITY CREW ON THE SCHUYLKILL FOR THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA AT HENLEY, ENGLAND.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S OARSMEN PREPARING FOR THE INTERNATIONAL RACES ON THE THAMES.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Dilley, Philadelphia.



NOTE.—This photograph was taken by W. W. Ball, for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, from the post-office tower, looking toward the northwest on the left, and to the east and southeast on the right. The fire started in the extreme northwest section (1), and swept east to Laura Street, a block east of the post office. It continued easterly to the water, and south, down Laura Street, to Forsythe and Bay streets, destroying the entire business section east of Laura on Forsythe and Bay streets. It also spread south of Bay Street to the St. John's



RUINS OF THE ST. JAMES HOTEL AND THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



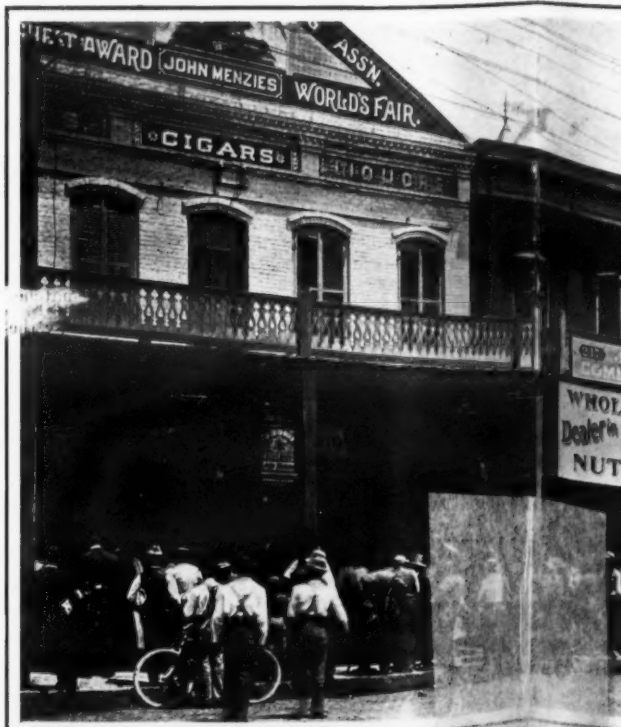
THE PALL OF SMOKE AND FLAME WHICH COVERED THE CITY DURING THE CONFLAGRATION.



THE RESIDENCE SECTION ENVELOPED IN



FOOT OF MARKET STREET, WHERE A NUMBER OF PERSONS WERE DROWNED OR BURNED TO DEATH WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE.
▲ FIRE-ENGINE FROM ST. AUGUSTINE WAS ABANDONED AND RUINED.



THE RUSH OF THE IMPOVERISHED PEOPLE

THE AWFUL CONFLAGRATION WHICH LAID WASTE
THE LARGEST CITY IN FLORIDA LEFT IN RUINS IN A SINGLE AFTERNOON AND EVENING, WITH A LOSS OF \$15,000,000.



JACKSONVILLE, WHICH DESTROYED 1,400 RESIDENCES, STORES, FACTORIES, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS. River. The two tall towers (3) on the right of Bay Street are the ruins of the Gardiner building, the site of the finest business block. The tall tower (2) in the centre of the right-hand section is the city hall and market. Two blocks east of the city hall is Market Street. Running north and south, at the river end of Market Street, is the death trap where several persons were cut off and either drowned or burned.



SECTION ENVELOPED IN CLOUDS OF SMOKE.



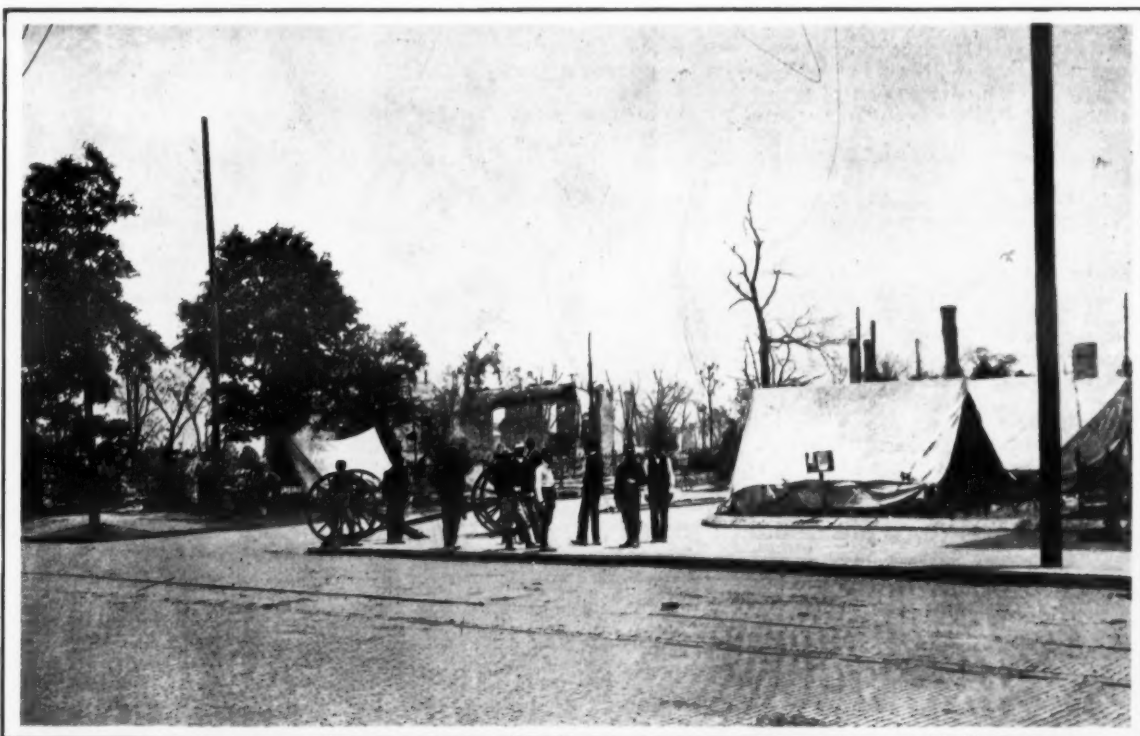
HOUSEHOLD GOODS ABANDONED ON ACCOUNT OF THE INTENSE HEAT.



RUINS OF THE CITY HALL AND MARKET BUILDINGS.



FOOD AT THE RELIEF DEPARTMENT.



JACKSONVILLE UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

WASTE THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF JACKSONVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY W. W. BALL, HAROLD MOE, AND HOGAN & DUVAL.—[SEE PAGE 509.]



COUNT VON WALDERSEE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED FORCES, AT THE REVIEW.



MOUNTED BUGLERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN CHINA.

Three Reviews in Peking.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

PEKING, February 20th, 1901.—The military world in Peking seems to have been seized with a desire to show off. First we had a French review on the occasion of General Baigrie taking command of the French forces here. General Chaffee and staff, with a cavalry escort, were present. The British general, Barrow, and other staff officers were near the French commander. Japan was well represented, but Germany and the other allies were not so evident.

France has been wretchedly represented in this Chinese campaign. Even now, with a few of her better class troops here, the turn-out is scarcely what might be expected from a country which has so many hundreds of thousands bearing arms. The Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments of marine infantry, two batteries of artillery, one company of infantry of the line, and a section of other troops were all that marched past on the 24th of December.

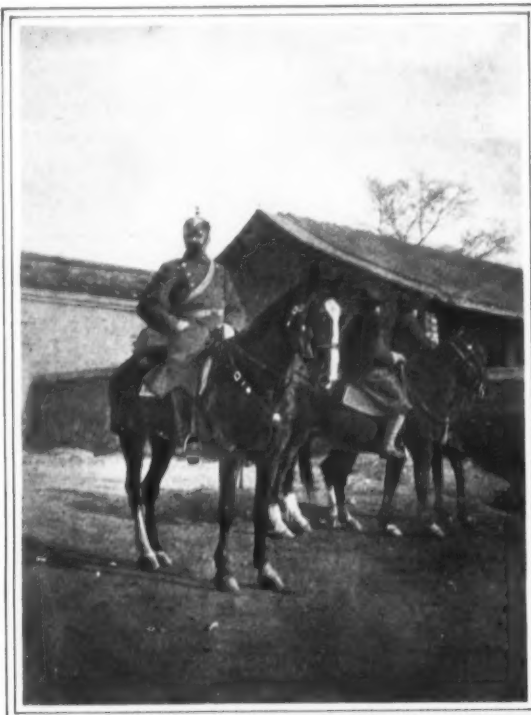
These troops are clad in dark blue and wear a big blue Tam O'Shanter bonnet. This is not the regular costume of the troops, but is an adaptation of the dress of their Alpine corps, it being considered the most serviceable clothing that the army possesses for such a climate. No one can accuse this costume of being particularly neat. However, appearance, though much to be desired and cultivated among troops, is not everything. I have seen a French battery at work on some pagodas. Every shot was a hit and every shell burst where it struck. As the Frenchmen marched off the parade-ground, which is one of the courts that lead to the Forbidden City, a British officer said to me that he could forgive them many of their sins when he listened to the unequalled work of their buglers.

It may have been a mere coincidence, or a sublime unconsciousness that the French exist, which caused the Emperor William's troops to have a practice parade on the same day, and crowd the Frenchmen seriously. Some people are not so charitable, and suggest intent. Let us not think so, for this is the time when there should be peace on earth, good-will toward men.

On the 26th of December Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee reviewed practically all the German troops in Peking. About 6,000 strong mustered on the parade-ground. General Chaffee, with his cavalry escort, was again present. The information that this review was to take place had not been officially published, or the other generals would have attended. As it happened, besides the Americans an Austrian and an Italian company were there. The German law does not sanction the sending of regular organizations outside of Germany. To overcome this difficulty a special army had to be raised, which they designate "Eastern Asiatic." Thus they have the "First Eastern Asiatic Infantry," and so on. It is an army of volunteers from the ranks of their regular service—really an army of picked men.

In Germany an infantry regiment consists of three battalions of 1,000 men in each battalion. There are four companies of 250 men each to the battalion. In the Eastern Asiatic army each regiment has 2,400 men, and is subdivided into two battalions. The company strength is thus raised to 300 men. Attached to each regiment is a ninth company, which is used for guarding roads on lines of supply. Two regiments of infantry, two battalions of marine infantry, one marine battery, three field batteries, one squadron of cavalry, a company of sappers, and two companies of railroad transport service were inspected by the field-marshal and marched past in review. The German army is perhaps the best drilled body of troops in existence. Their manual of arms is perfect, and they march as if one will controlled the myriads of stamping feet. Men and officers alike are always clean and well-groomed; indeed, it is an army that Germany may well be proud of.

On the 1st of January Count von Waldersee reviewed the British troops in Peking. Of these, the Twelfth Battery, Royal Field Artillery, and the New South Wales naval contingent are the only white troops. The Seventh Rajputs, Twenty-sixth Baluchistan, First Sikhs, and Twenty-fourth Punjaub Infantry are native Indian battalions of infantry. The Sixteenth Bengal Lancers and No. 4 Company of the Bengal Sappers and Miners completed the brigade. I have never witnessed a prettier sight than the march past of these Indian troops. Before the review began Count von Waldersee led the cheering as the British colors were hoisted in honor of Australia and Federation Day. The field marshal, a quiet, dignified figure, sat erect on his charger, holding his gorgeous baton in his right hand, and with it acknowledging the salutes of each colonel as he rode past at the head of his men. There is nothing cheap or ill-made about the British equipments, and everything is polished and



A GERMAN OFFICER AND A UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN, READY FOR THE REVIEW.

spotless. They made a brave showing in the wintry sunshine, though the marching of the infantry (save one, the Twenty-sixth Baluchistan, which was excellent) left something to be desired. The Bengal Lancers, superbly mounted, were only beaten by the absolute perfection of the Twelfth Field Battery. The men of the New South Wales contingent, though it is not generally known, are nearly all old royal-navy men. The presence of the Indian troops and the little New South Wales contingent is an object-lesson to the world. It shows that still the British empire is loyally backed up by its most distant colonies.

I have heard many people—among them American officers—sneering at the Indian troops. "Fine to look at, but that is the end of them," is common talk. Is it so long ago that the volleys of those same men withered up one British regiment and cut great gaps in the Gordon Highlanders before they gained the heights of Dargai? Is the Indian mutiny forgotten? It is but three years since there were seven Indian chiefs in open revolt against the British government. One of them, an old man of seventy, was the leader. When the British had them hemmed in they were ordered to surrender. Their reply was a charge in which every leader was killed and their troops cut to pieces. Replying to one of these critics, a British subaltern the other day said: "We have fought them, been beaten by them, we are satisfied."

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Wall Street's Worst Disaster.

It may have seemed to the lay mind that hidden causes were responsible for the recent panic in Wall Street, but they were not. The facts, briefly, were these: James J. Hill, the mighty railroad king, holding control of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroad, conceived the bold idea of a line from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, which should be the first through transcontinental route. He came to an agreement with J. Pierpont Morgan, who controls the Erie on this side, and they desired to buy control of a connecting road running out from Chicago toward the Pacific. St. Paul was selected, but after bidding the stock up to a high figure the attempt failed through a refusal of a majority of the stockholders to part with their holdings. Mr. Hill then turned his attention to Burlington and secured control of the road, advancing the price of its stock to nearly \$200 a share.

Meanwhile, E. J. Harriman, head of the syndicate that controls Union Pacific, also aiming at a transcontinental route from ocean to ocean, undertook to block Mr. Hill's ambition. The latter refusing to let them join in the control of the Burlington route, the Harriman syndicate then made a bold move to obtain control of the Northern Pacific, the main link in Mr. Hill's chain of railroads. Sufficient of the stock was secured to do

this, seemingly, but many of the sellers had sold "short,"—that is, had sold stock they did not own, but which they thought they could buy at a lower price than that at which they had sold. They could not buy stock at lower prices to fulfill their contracts. When this became known, both sides took steps to get all of the stock they could, and caused the "shorts" to pay higher and higher prices to fill their contracts for Northern Pacific. This threw everything in Wall Street into wild confusion, and the "shorts" in Northern Pacific found that they were cornered. James R. Keene, it is said, foresaw the predicament of the "shorts," and made several millions out of his purchases of Northern Pacific at high prices. The price at one time was \$1,000 a share. One "short," who covered 100 shares at that figure, lost \$85,000 by the transaction. The conditions could not last, and an order was obtained from the courts enjoining the members of the two syndicates and the stock exchange from further trading in Northern Pacific until the differences that had caused an abnormal condition of affairs could be adjusted. The response was immediate, and after the injunction was served an agreement was reached between the contending factions by which the "shorts" in Northern Pacific were allowed to settle at \$150 a share.

When the tension was at its height, wild scenes were witnessed on the floor of the temporary stock exchange in the Produce Exchange building, as big men thrust little men aside, and little men seemed fairly to scramble over the heads and shoulders of the big men in the wild rush to "sell! sell! sell!" Thousands of dollars were ticked away as customers waited in the brokers' offices, with hands trembling as they held the slender tape that told of woe. It was for them that the brokers were so frantic in their desire to sell. A day's delay might mean ruin; an hour, a minute, added back-breaking, cruel figures to the tale of loss.

And the women! Where were they? Panics always find them unprepared. It is very well known that only a few brokerage houses will accept women's accounts. The slaughter of these innocent victims was ghastly. Up at the Waldorf-Astoria and at one or two brokers' offices down town where the women attend daily, the panic among them was almost like that at a shipwreck. They wrung their hands, trod on each other's skirts, and spilled their tea as their glittering visions of wealth disappeared.

The market righted itself before the day was over, but left a feverishness that will be felt for a long time.

HENRY I. HAZELTON.

The "Constitution," Herreshoff's Greatest Cup-defender.

THAT Nat G. Herreshoff could build a faster yacht than the *Columbia*, the cup-defender of 1899, did not seem possible to



W. BUTLER DUNCAN, JR., WHO WILL MANAGE THE CUP DEFENDER "CONSTITUTION."
Photograph by Alman & Co.

those who marveled at the wondrous beauty and perfection of form shown in that craft. But there is no doubt that he has done so in the *Constitution*, which was recently launched at Bristol, R. I. The *Constitution* is the *Columbia* over again, with just enough change to give her greater power. She has the same draught, the same sheer plan, but a lighter hull, more lead, and exactly a foot more beam, with less dead rise, a flatter floor, and a harder bilge. As a result of the increase of power thus obtained at the expense of ease of propulsion, she carries 1,300 more square feet of sail, or about ten per cent. more than the *Columbia*. Her length over all is 132 feet 6 inches; her length on water-line at normal draught, 89 feet 9 inches; her beam, 25 feet 2 1/4 inches; and her normal draught, 19 feet 10 inches.

The changes have been in the same direction since the *De-*

fender was built with the sweetest and most beautiful form ever incorporated in a racing-yacht; and by adding beam, flattening the floor, and "hardening" or filling out the bilges, the *Columbia* was made to carry 13,125 feet of canvas, against the *Defender's* 12,640, while the *Constitution* will carry 14,400. Besides the increased power derived in this way, the *Constitution* has the added advantage over her graceful predecessor of lightness of construction. Less material is used in hull and spars than formerly, while the same or sufficient strength is obtained for racing. Whatever weight is taken out of the hull, rigging, and spars, and placed in the lead keel, adds to the sail-carrying power.

The lightening of the *Constitution's* hull has been obtained by a new method of framing. In the old way much dependence was placed on the plating, in conjunction with shallow transverse frames twenty to twenty-two inches apart, to withstand the transverse bending and crushing stresses, while the plating, assisted by from two to four lines of stringers, was relied on to withstand the longitudinal stresses. Herreshoff's innovation enables him to save much weight in the plating as a result of running the framing of the yacht in both directions.

Another saving of weight equally important is that of washers for the rivets and liners necessary in riveting up a boat. To accomplish this the transverse belt frames and the longitudinal framing are so arranged with regard to the width and lengths of the plating that the butt joints meet upon the frames and the seams follow the longitudinal T irons. The actual saving of weight by this means is shown by comparing the *Constitution* with the Boston boat *Independence*. The superficial area of the Tobin bronze plating on the Herreshoff boat is greater than that of her rival, but the *Constitution* carries only twenty-two tons of plating while the *Independence* has a fraction under thirty tons actually in place. This difference of eight tons may be put into the lead keel without adding to the displacement or increasing the wetted surface.

Mr. Herreshoff dared to do this because of his experiments made last year in the seventy-footers, whose braces, however, buckled in a heavy sea off Newport. This led him to add diagonal braces of one and one-half inch pipe to give additional strength to the *Constitution*. While nothing has been saved in weight in the framing, the *Constitution* is much the stronger vessel, weight for weight. She will compare with the Boston boat at the same time in ability to carry sail spread. Her mast is twenty inches further aft than *Columbia's*; the boom has been lengthened to 110 feet, about four feet added to the hoist, and the fore-triangle topmast and gaff have all been lengthened.

She is expected to beat the *Columbia* by not less than ten minutes in light air over a thirty-knot course and five minutes in a breeze, an advantage of eighteen minutes and eleven minutes respectively over *Shamrock I*. Just what chance *Shamrock II* will have against her is still a problem, but uneasiness about the cup has not yet become contagious.

W. Butler Duncan, Jr., will manage the *Constitution*, and Urias Rhodes, wearing Neptune's trident, will port the helm.

ALBERT ALLEN.

Jacksonville Swept by Fire.

THE fire at Jacksonville on May 3d burned for ten hours, destroying 130 blocks and 1,400 houses, making 14,000 persons homeless, and doing a property damage of nearly \$15,000,000. The burnt district is two miles long and half a mile wide. Many of the finest public and private buildings were destroyed, including hotels, theatres, churches, and residences. The fire began in a small factory and resulted from a defective electric-light wire, according to the best belief. Senator James Taliaferro's residence was among those destroyed. The firemen tried to blow up the buildings a block away from the fire to prevent its spread, but the heat and the showers of sparks made this impossible.

Jacksonville, the chief city of Florida, had an estimated population of 33,000 on January 1st last, and an assessed valuation of \$13,477,515. It is on the left bank of the St. John's River and is laid out with great uniformity. It is compact, having an area of a little more than seven square miles. The streets are handsomely shaded throughout and cross each other at right angles. There were several fine school-buildings, many churches, a circulating library, three daily newspapers, six weeklies, banks and opera house, six street-car lines, and many mercantile establishments. The chief industry of the place was the sawing and shipping of lumber. Some of the best appointed and most modern hotels of the South were in Jacksonville. In winter the resident population is usually increased by hotel guests to 100,000. As in the case of Galveston committees were formed to feed and succor the homeless and relief has been generously sent from all directions.

May-day in Automobiles.

(Continued from page 510.)

result is that trips are now possible from this city to Philadelphia, from the City of Brotherly Love to Atlantic City, from greater New York to Morristown, N. J.; also to the Jersey coast resorts, and from Boston to Newport. Newark, Elizabeth, Jersey City, Hoboken, Orange, and Morristown already have charging stations. Philadelphia will be bountifully supplied with stations at the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Cricket and the West Philadelphia Country clubs, and at the Ararat and Cumberland station of the Germantown Electric Light Company.

Runabouts averaging from eight to fourteen miles per hour are in great demand this spring for the various forms of park, boulevard, and other forms of pleasure-riding. The New York *Herald* recently stated that brokers, bankers, and messengers were daily users of automobiles during business hours in the Wall Street district. Physicians everywhere are using electric automobiles. Dr. Joseph C. Stedman, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., was able to perform a delicate surgical operation at night by attaching a forty-foot insulated wire to the battery of his automobile, which was left standing outside the home of the patient under the window, through which the wire was passed into the sick-room. The New York *Times* had previously commented upon a similarly successful operation in this city. The above-mentioned vehicles were all *Columbias*.

The electric automobiles for driving and calling are very popular with American women, many of whom are expert operators. The surrey is largely used as a golf trap. All of the pleasure vehicles are luxuriously furnished and finished throughout, dark and light greens being the prevailing color. They are graceful in design, and are fully equipped with brakes and the necessary appliances for safety and the regulation of speed; also for the economic control of electrical energy from the powerful storage batteries.

Our May-day outing proved delightful in many ways, also instructive, and I trust the accompanying photographs and the information given in this article will, partially at least, fulfill the aim of the writer.

CHARLES ELLEY HALL,
General Staff Correspondent.

An Ideal Berlin Host.

(From our Special Correspondent.)



MR. H. KLICKS.

recently. "Au contraire, the landlord should accommodate himself to the guest, and conform to his notions. He pays for the pleasure and should have it." This is the key to Mr. Klicks's phenomenal success. He has managed several important hotels in various parts of Europe, but none, I am quite sure, can equal in comfort and excellence the recently renovated *Hôtel Continental*, of which he is associate proprietor. This spacious and baronial house is supplied with latest of modern appliances and so cleverly arranged that every part of it, but more especially the public and dining-rooms on the ground floor, is picturesque in a high degree.

Unlike many of his colleagues, Mr. Klicks is a thorough disciplinarian. The waiters, porters, and, in fact, the entire staff, down to the smart pages, are models of attention. Be it at your romantically appointed table in one of the cozy dining-rooms, or in the idyllic reading-rooms, lounges, or, in fact, anywhere throughout the house, Mr. Klicks is certain to detect the least fault. To Americans the *Hôtel Continental* appeals with peculiar force, for it is here you'll find large, airy, and cheerful rooms, appointed in a truly Waldorf style. Here, too, you'll find one of the best tables in Berlin, and a selection of wines which is the admiration of connoisseurs, together with a liberal treatment in all directions, and the charges boiled down to a uniform and equitable tariff, and without extras. After all, there are not above half a dozen really first-class hotels in Berlin, and foremost among these stands the *Continental*, justly proud of its exceptional location, with a full front facing three main streets and the magnificent Grand Central Station, Friedrich Strasse. Neither capital nor effort has been spared by the proprietors, Messrs. Adlon & Klicks, to raise the house to highest excellence, and accordingly the *Continental* Hotel is now a rendezvous, so to speak, of the best classes visiting the Kaiser's capital.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Berlin Epicures.

One of the acknowledged features of the *Grand Hôtel de Rome*, in Berlin, is the culinary department. Here we find a veritable laboratory, where the famous chef works his spells of heat and cold, and originates marvels in epicurean feasts. From a deftly fried smelt to the lump of a roasted joint—everything borders on perfection. The chef himself is a part of German history, for it was he who used to prepare the table of the late Emperor William I., which excited the admiration of visiting royalties and notabilities; and although his service is no longer in royal halls he continues still to prepare a royal feast for the numerous gourmets of the *Grand Hôtel de Rome*, as in truth he should, for none but the best public from near and afar come here to dine, here to sample the excellent and always reliable quality of a long and carefully prepared list of choice wines which are stored in its vast cellars. There are probably few similar houses on this Continent commanding equal supplies of food and drink. The most choice meats, as well as the finest flavored butter, are purchased daily, and large quantities of select vegetables are as frequently received from near and far, for if the chef cannot procure the precise delicate asparagus he wants at home, he promptly sends to France for it. The arrangement of his menu is a study in itself, and is frequently copied abroad. A walk through the kitchens, coolers, vast storage rooms, and extensive wine cellars, like so many subterranean passages, where several hundred kinds and qualities are carefully labeled and numbered, is a lesson in discipline and mastery administration. The grand dining-hall reminds us of baronial days, when air and light were the first conditions of a good meal.

Touring on the Rhine.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Bonn, May 3d, 1901.—The event in this romantic Rhineland town, recently, has been the initiation of the German Crown Prince to the University, and therewith his joining the famous Students Corps of Borussia, one of the most aristocratic organizations tolerated by the Senate of the University. This is the third German Crown Prince in an unbroken line—beginning with the late Emperor Frederick—who have come to drink the cup of wisdom at the fountain of learning, and at the same time enjoy the incomparable scenery and historic associations of Father Rhine. It was at the baronial and sumptuous, and, I may say, historic *Grand Hôtel Royal* where most of these Princes congregate to worship Epicurus, and not less Gambinius, for it is a patent fact throughout Germany, and England as well, that its genial and cosmopolitan Herr Eisenmenger keeps a large and well stocked cellar of the rarest and most valuable vintages, and he has often delighted the present Kaiser with a choice bottle or two.

As a matter of fact, the *Grand Hôtel Royal* is, next to the university, one of the features in Bonn. The interior represents cultured refinement and artistic taste. Pretty nooks in the wide halls, airy and bright parlors, dining-rooms and reading-salons, with a full view on the well-kept court park and the grand river beyond, are sufficient to animate our sentimental mood and induce us to linger here. Unlike most hotels in pleasure resorts, this house bears the impress of cosmopolitan life in every department. The rooms are arranged on a sumptuous scale, large, cheerful, and with plenty of light. So perfect is the service, and so prompt its attention under the very circumspect manager, Mr. Eisenmenger, that in spite of plans and resolves we have concluded to prolong our stay.

This university town dates back to pretty old times, when knight and friar ruled over the Rhine. But a new era opened up about the middle of the last century, increasing its importance, largely through the attendance at the university, and the social importance of its students, including the present Kaiser, who is, by the way, rather partial to this well appointed hotel. It is but a few minutes from the station, and in

a bee line with the landing stage. The restaurant is even more renowned for a high-class cuisine, entirely French, whose chef is justly famous for epicurean combinations, for in a week's stay the menu has undergone a daily change, and with ever increasing surprises. There are plain evidences all over the house of aristocratic refinement in its superior management, for I have never heard a loud word, or a vulgar expression, during my stay. Moreover, its low tariff compares most favorably even with the huge hotels of Saratoga and Newport. "These Germans are born artists," said a well-known Philadelphia society lady to-day, "and their temper is so amiable, so sincere, that it is little wonder we come here with great expectations, and part with regret." Bonn is full of interest, for it is here history opens her secret pages, and offers you new surprises in every direction, be it in excursions to the "Drachenfels," "Saacher Lake," "Eifel," "the Moselle," and many similar resorts through the vine-clad valleys of the Rhine, dotted with picturesque hamlets and a peasantry as quaint in manners as it is original in dress. It is the Mecca of pleasure-seekers, the cradle of song, music and poetry, with a modest, quiet population, ever happy to bid us welcome; and wine—real wine, and Rhine wine at that.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Down the Rhine.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

COLOGNE, May 6th, 1901.—There is an indefinable charm about this historic spot which carries the mind back to the Middle Ages, when the Rhine lapped the wine-clad banks, and robber knights watched from frowning castles on the heights the unwary traveler in the broad valleys beneath. The Rhine still flows, but the dangerous element has passed away, and in its stead pleasure-seeking tourists from all the world over come here to enjoy the incomparable beauties, and reside at the magnificent *Monopol Hotel*, by all odds the first and, I may say, the best appointed house in Cologne. Its very size, to say nothing of the interior arrangements, is opulent and baronial. It is built on a large scale, and space was less considered than the absolute contentment of the guest, who is not to be a member, but a part of the family, as it were. Within a few minutes' walk of the station—and you need not walk, as the hotel 'bus meets you on arrival and departure—it stands in the very heart of the town, agreeably near the Dome, which, as all the world knows, is worth a trip to see. A homelike feeling greets you on the very threshold, and it is rarely a visitor leaves the house without having made the acquaintance of the genial manager, Mr. Schaaf, who is a thorough cosmopolitan, and one of the most accomplished linguists I have met in a quarter of a century. His magnetic presence and genial temperament, together with a long residence in England, make him appear more like an English gentleman of distinguished pedigree (and which he really is) than a routine *hôte*. Of Mr. Schaaf, personally, I intend to speak in my next letter. The *Monopol Hotel* is thoroughly democratic. There are no conditions to be stipulated, nor any needless formalities; its well-earned reputation excludes every bargain; the price is fixed, and there are no extras. It is a comfort, indeed, to walk into a hotel of this sort, with the absolute confidence that you are at home, as it were. The attendance is in keeping with the comforts which surround you, and your orders, early or late, are realized with the promptness usual to continental waiters. Those who have tried less hospitable houses, as the writer, for instance, will doubtless agree with me after having enjoyed the praiseworthy advantages of the *Monopol Hotel*. As is well known, Cologne is the centre on this continent, and from now on and until late in fall we may expect crowds daily, filling the narrow streets and the vast space in front of the Dome, preparatory to a trip up the Rhine, or the final continuation of their journey. Under these circumstances it is advisable to engage your room in advance, a precaution which every experienced and comfort-loving traveler never fails to adopt in time.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Wake Up, England!

THE bonds of friendship between England and America are so firmly knit that they will undoubtedly stand the strain of the unusual push being given recently to American products in the English markets, but the test must be a hard one. With the rest comes the frank concession of Earl Roberts that certain wagons imported into South Africa for army use "proved to be superior to any other pattern of either Cape or English manufacture." They were of better material, he adds, and the cost was considerably less than wagons of English make. In view of such concessions as this to the superiority of American products, it is not surprising that a prominent English daily should feel constrained to keep standing at the head of one of its editorial columns the words "Wake Up, England!"

Have You Eaten Too Much?

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoon in half a glass of water gives quick relief.

THERE is but one best. In bitters it is Abbott's, the Original Angostura. Get the genuine. At druggists.

An Enormous Industry.

OUR enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

Wouldn't Sell It.

HER PURE AND CLEAR COMPLEXION NOT FOR SALE.

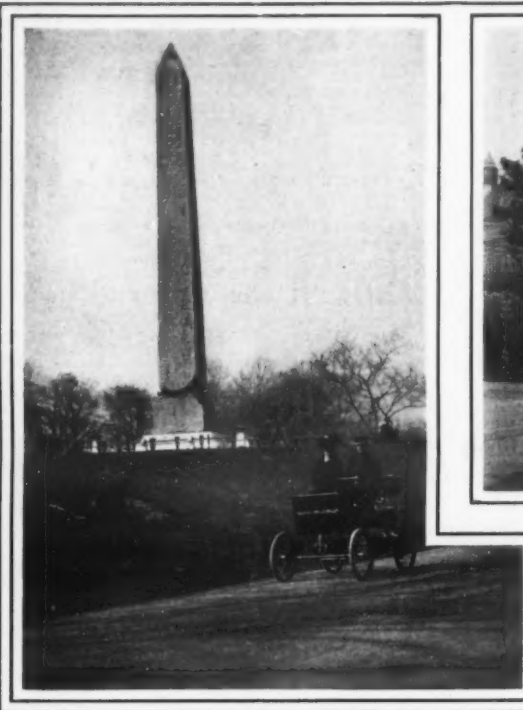
A CORNELL girl was put on a Grape-Nuts diet and discovered some facts. She says: "While a student at Cornell I suffered from improper diet. The banquets and other social functions—with their rich refreshments—served to completely upset a stomach already weak from rich pastry, highly seasoned meats, and confections furnished by loving parents at home.

"I became irritable, nervous, and my appetite became more and more capricious. Only rich, highly seasoned food suited me, and this further wrecked my health. I was sallow, having lost my pink and white complexion. I became dull eyed and dull brained, the victim of agonizing dyspepsia and intestinal trouble.

"I was finally forced to leave school and came home an irritable, wretchedly sick girl. The plainest food disagreed with me, and I bade fair to starve to death, when a physician advised my physician to put me on Grape-Nuts Food diet. To make a long story short, the transformation from wretched ill health to good health was marvelous. I liked the new food so well, and it agreed with my tortured stomach perfectly, regulated my bowels, my headaches left, and the color of the skin gradually grew better. In eight months I found myself rosy, plump, and strong.

"I would not sell my clear complexion, bright eyes and general good feeling for the costliest, richest mess of Delmonican potage.

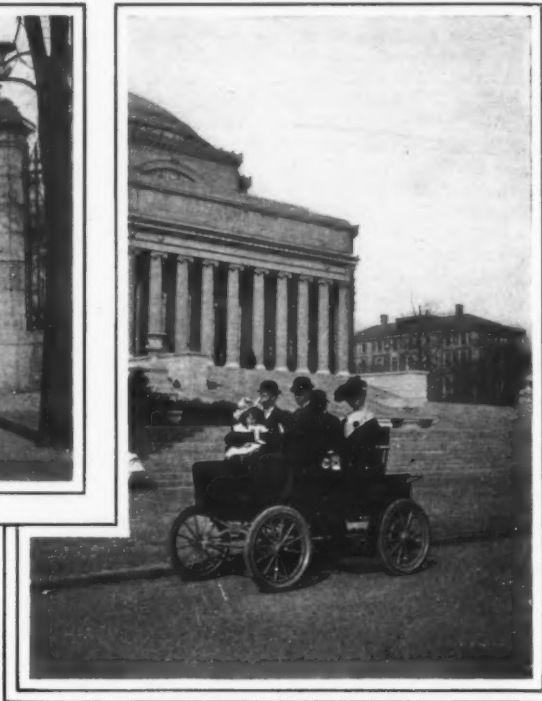
"I returned to Cornell, finished my course, and can now study, think and live. The food that enabled me to regain my health I shall never forget." Name furnished by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich.



PASSING THE VENERABLE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.

THROUGH THE ORNATE GATES OF THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.
(Photographs by A. B. Phelan.)

May Day in Automobiles.



AN AUTOMOBILE PARTY IN FRONT OF THE IMPOSING COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

In conversation recently with a prominent manufacturer of electric automobiles, in the Princess Anne Hotel at Virginia Beach, Virginia, I learned much that I thought would prove interesting to the reading public if supplemented with actual experience in operating the vehicles, and with attractive photographs.

Later, in searching in this city for automobiles of high-class manufacture and correct style, I was astonished to learn that the Electric Vehicle Company were manufacturing about twenty-five distinct styles of vehicles, all electrically propelled. A visit to the New York City offices, at No. 100 Broadway, was sufficient to gain the consent of the officers to the plan of using their machines in carrying out the idea, pictorially and descriptively, and after inducing a LESLIE photographer to accompany us, our party started in high glee, in a Columbia survey and a Riker runabout, headed for Central Park, which was entered after our permit was shown to the Tammany policeman on guard at the entrance.

It was May Day in the park, practically a national holiday for thousands upon thousands of children in and about greater New York. They were there in all their glory, while many "grown-ups" were present, eager to witness the festivities.

The May Queens, the bright faces of happy children, the May-poles, the contrasting colors of spring vegetation and flowers, and the spring bonnets, gowns, and feminine finery generally, added a charm to the scene that cannot well be described; hence my appeal to your powers of imagination.

We reluctantly left the children to their pleasures, wending our way through a perfect maze of vehicles of all kinds and descriptions out of the park west to Riverside Drive and Grant's tomb, our objective point then being Columbia College, where more pictures were taken.

My investigations and my experience in operating the electric automobiles proved conclusively that the mechanism of the various types is easy of control and comprehension. They are not at all difficult to manage or understand, for ladies and even children, I find, are operating the machines, which are practically noiseless and are instantly placed under control by the operator, who, if he is apt, can learn how to run a machine in one short lesson, not to exceed, say, thirty minutes. After the first lesson the principal thing is to keep your wits about you. The difference between stopping an automobile and a single horse or a team is vastly in favor of the motor vehicle.

The ease with which an electric automobile is managed is typified by the following incident: A city chauffeur, finding a tall, lank New Jersey truck-farmer blocking his passage, ran

up behind him noiselessly and, instead of ringing his warning electric bell, reached over the dashboard of his runabout, touched him on the shoulder, and politely asked him if he would step to one side. The Jerseyman, suddenly seeing the "infernal machine," did step out of the way; in fact, he fairly flew—toward Jersey.

On our return from Columbia College to Central Park we were greeted many times by the popular hoodlum cry of "Git a horse!" and a bright ten-year-old boy exclaimed in a shrill voice: "There goes a 'speechless carriage.'" This was really an unconscious tribute to the quietness with which our vehicles were running, and our appreciation of the sally remained for a couple of blocks. No horses were frightened, confusion was avoided in the crowded highways, and the various steep grades were ascended easily on our pleasure jaunt.

A Columbia gasoline runabout recently made a remarkable record in a snow-storm, running continuously in ten trips between Hartford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., forty-one hours, and covering 538 miles. The wind blew forty miles an hour in zero weather. This vehicle also won the hill-climbing endurance contest held on Long Island. It easily takes a twenty-five-per-cent. grade on a long stretch, and a much steeper percent. on shorter grades. The rate of speed is from eighteen to twenty-five miles per hour.

The Columbia six-passenger or opera 'bus attracted universal attention at the Paris Exposition last year. A similar automobile accommodating eight passengers is in use for transportation purposes by leading American hotels. On my way home from Florida via Washington, D. C., last month, I noticed the Columbia "fleet" used by the Raleigh Hotel. The Cochran and the Arlington, in Washington, the Lakewood, in Lakewood, N. J., and the Brighton, Chelsea, St. Charles, Luray, Royal Palace, and the Seaside, in Atlantic City, are other hotels using Columbias.

The antiquated stage-coaches that have wandered up and down Fifth Avenue, propelled by horses of corresponding antiquity, are gradually being displaced by that type of electric conveyance known as the Wilkesbarre 'bus, from its successful operation in that city. Two of these 'buses are now plying along that busy New York thoroughfare. Six additional 'buses will soon be in operation on the avenue, each accommodating fourteen passengers inside, five passengers outside on the roof seats, and four on the front seat.

Among American concerns using the handsome Columbia and Riker delivery wagons may be mentioned the W. L. Douglass Shoe Company, the Metropolitan Railroad Company, the

Remington Typewriter Company, the Gorham Manufacturing Company, John Wanamaker, R. Altman & Company, Hackett, Carhart & Company, the United Electric Company, Thorley the florist, the American Pastry & Manufacturing Company, Moet & Chandon, the Huber ("O. H.") Brewing Company, the R. H. White Company, and Houghton & Dutton. "Uncle Sam" uses one for the new Congressional Library, and England, France and Germany, also Canada & Mexico, are users of many of the various styles for pleasure and commercial purposes.

The exhibit of Columbia and Riker machines at the Pan-American Exposition, thirty-one in number, will be the largest exhibit ever shown in the world by one company. The automobiles exhibited and those in operation on the grounds, and in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, include the following types: Phaeton, Victoria with wire wheels, Victoria with canopy top and wooden wheels, rear-boot Victoria, surrey, extension-front brougham, cabriolet, runabout with wooden wheels, runabout with buggy top and wire wheels, gasoline runabout, tricycle carrier, wagonette, six-passenger omnibus, and delivery wagon; the Riker list including piano-box runabout and Victoria phaeton, spider phaeton, mail phaeton, Victoria de luxe, straight front brougham, public hansom, theatre 'bus, Wilkesbarre 'bus, demi-coach, brake, gasoline voiturette, railway cab, delivery wagon, and two-ton truck.

Mail will be transported between the exposition grounds and the Buffalo City Post-office in a Columbia, while smaller vehicles will be used in distributing mail about the grounds.

The chief of police of Hartford, Conn., in a special report upon the use of the Columbia wagonette, pays a strong tribute to the cleanliness, speed and economic operation of the vehicle for patrol purposes.

The pleasure vehicles are all equipped with especially constructed long distance batteries, used only in the Columbia and Riker machines, perfected to such a degree of durability and capability that a single charge is sufficient to run a distance of forty miles, or double the capacity obtained in 1900. Under certain favorable conditions of roadway a run of fifty miles, I believe, has been made.

The automobiles built for transportation and delivery purposes particularly represent the various elements of strength, durability, lightness, heavy carrying and adequate capacity and speed, and are equipped with long-distance batteries, capable of running thirty-five miles on a single charge.

Local electric-light companies in various localities are fast realizing the need and necessity of re-charging stations. The

(Continued on page 500.)



DELIGHTS OF LOVERS' RETREAT IN CENTRAL PARK.



A JOLLY MAY-DAY PARTY.



"WHICH WILL WIN?"

AT THE TOP OF THE PASS.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

It was a novelty for Pierson to be so absolutely at a loss; it was worse than a novelty to be dismissed with the clear understanding that he had not given satisfaction. But in all his twenty years of experience he had never come up against a blank wall with such stunning force and such distinguished failure.

Briefly, it was thus. Three months before, the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company had made an arrangement with the United States government to transport a little over two millions of dollars in gold coin from the San Francisco mint to Chicago. The money was packed in iron-bound boxes, heavily locked, and with the keys in charge of a Treasury official. A special express car—No. 149—was detailed for the service, and it also contained seven Secret Service detectives, armed to the teeth, who were ordered to keep the boxes continually in sight until their delivery. This car was placed second behind the engine in one of the company's fastest mail trains, consisting besides of two Pullman coaches, three day coaches, two mail cars, and two baggage cars, and the public had no idea of the valuable consignment on board. The most trusted employes of the road manned the train, and it was thought that the possibility of loss was reduced to a minimum.

On the night of January 17th the train arrived at Laclede, on the west side of the Lorrimore Pass, and car No. 149 was inspected and found all right. A run of 170 miles was then made without stop to Wilmott, on the eastern slope, through a blinding snow-storm. At this station the staggering discovery was made that the gold-car was missing from the train—was gone bodily, though the remaining cars were all securely coupled up and no one aboard the train had noticed anything amiss during the run.

The conductor, almost out of his wits with fright, immediately sent the locomotive back over the road with a car-load of armed men, but though they ran all the way across the pass and returned, they found not the slightest trace of the lost car, or of anything wrong with the road-bed. Most of the road over the mountains consisted of tunnels and trestles, where it did not lie between a cliff and a chasm, and the idea of the car having been spirited away while the train was running forty miles an hour was a thing to undermine one's reason. The conductor counted the rest of the cars again and again, speechless. No. 149 was certainly missing, and he did the only thing left; he notified the district superintendent by wire, and the train proceeded gloomily upon its way.

The one thing that the Atlantic and Pacific Company clearly understood was that the reputation of the road would be ruined if the story leaked out, and every man in the secret was warned not to open his mouth upon the subject, under penalty of instant dismissal. The two millions were refunded to the government, and special police orders were issued to keep the known criminal population of the cities under strict surveillance and to look out sharply for newly minted gold. But there was no sudden access of wealth among the crooks, and the new double-eagles shone on no counter, bar, or gaming-table. At the same time Pierson, as the best railroad detective obtainable, had been set to work at the unraveling of the enchantment, with an army of subordinates. He had worked and pondered for nearly three months, by day and night, without being able to find so much as the ghost of a clew, and with his army of subordinates he had been compelled to retire from the struggle. The case was then placed in the hands of the Mason & Smith detective company, professional rivals of Pierson's, and the latter went to one of the California coast towns to recuperate, to digest his defeat, and to worry his brain into a fever over the insoluble puzzle.

He had been in retirement for more than a month, occupying himself daily with fresh hypotheses and theories, till his state of mind was not a thing to dwell upon. This is unimportant, however; things began to move again when he opened his mail on the fortieth morning. Among the rest, there was a letter inclosed in one of the post-office's stamped envelopes, and written with a pencil, in a crude hand, on a half-sheet of coarse paper. But its contents made Pierson sit up. They were:

"If I put you onto how that car was stole last January and where to find the gold, can you promise that the State will not prosecute me and will protect me? I need it. If you can, stand on your verandah to-night at ten o'clock and light a cigar with three matches one after the other."

There was no signature. By the post-mark, the letter had been mailed in the same town on that day. After the first gasp of excitement, Pierson put little faith in it, though the writer was evidently acquainted with some of the details of the affair. As for the conditions, of course there would be no difficulty about obtaining pardon for a State's evidence in so important a case, but in any event Pierson was in a mood to have pawned his soul to get at a clew. The chance seemed hardly even a straw, but he clutched at it, and that very night he gave the signal. He scarcely knew what he had expected to follow, but he was distinctly and most unreasonably disappointed when nothing whatever happened, even after he had smoked for half an hour in the moonlight. There were no developments after he had returned to his room, or during that night, or all the next day. On the second day, however, he received another letter from his mysterious correspondent, and a very bulky one. With the spelling and the English a little straightened out, it ran as follows:

"This is straight. Don't try to find out who I am, or

you'll be the death of us both. You'll know all about it soon enough.

"I used to be a passenger brakeman on the Atlantic and Pacific, but they fired me about a year ago, and this made me more willing to go into the thing. Besides, I had to raise some money. A respectable-looking Chinese merchant that I knew proposed it to me in Seattle. He must have been sure of me, for he said that the scheme was certain to be carried through whether I went into it or not, and that it was engineered by one of the biggest branches of the Highbinders' Society. He said that we were to make five millions, and half would go to the society and half to the men who did the work. So I agreed.

"On the fifteenth of January they took me to the top of the Lorrimore Pass, and I met the rest of the gang—about one hundred Chinamen and eight American railroad men. Our boss, who they said was a big Highbinder chief, explained the plan to us.

"I didn't think much of it at the time, but we went to work. You know how, near the top of the pass, the mountain goes up pretty steep from one side of the track and drops into a deep cañon on the other. The snow was very deep everywhere, and on the 17th we made a sort of trough-shaped toboggan slide, three feet across, from the track about two hundred yards up the slope. We ran it with a line, and it was as straight as a gun-barrel, and then we sprinkled water on it till it was iced like glass. This was all done after dark, and it didn't take long, for there was a big gang at work and no one within ten miles to interfere.

"They had brought two great timbers there, whole tree-trunks, and we stripped the bark off them and polished them down smooth. Then we let one go over the slide as an experiment, and I timed it with a stop-watch. It shot down like a cannon-ball, enough to knock anything into chips that it struck. The other log we fastened with a trigger at the top of the chute.

"A couple of our men were to wait at Laclede for the train and to buy tickets, and then get out on the platform and climb up on top. This was easy; the hoboes do it every day, and it was a dark, stormy night. Their business was to get down on the gold car and uncouple it with long iron hooks that they had, so that the whole train wouldn't be knocked off. The rest of us calculated the speed of the train and how many seconds ahead we should let off our log. You see, it was exactly like shooting a duck on the wing.

"I stood near the bottom of the slide to telegraph to the top along a wire. It was pitch-dark and a terrific snow-storm was blowing, so that I could hardly see ten feet, but the shine of the locomotive's headlight showed through the flying snow as she came around the curve. She was on a down grade then, and the engineer was holding back with the brakes. When she reached the mark we had set, I signaled the top; there was an awful whiz and that great beam came out of the dark like a bombshell and hit the express car squarely in the middle. It was done almost too quick to see. The car was lifted clean off the track, and car and beam went off into the cañon on the other side. Then the cars behind closed up of their own weight and the automatic couplers snapped into place. The train was out of sight before I realized that the thing was really done.

"I more than half expected to see her crew come back with knives and pistols, but nobody on board seemed to have noticed. We spent an hour in breaking up the slide, and then we went down into the cañon. The car was buried in the deep snow so that we couldn't find it till morning, but at last we dug it out. There was the money in it and eight men, all dead, of course. One of the men had the keys of the boxes, and the boss unlocked them to see that they were all right. Then we chopped up the car into little bits, and took the gold away a couple of miles and buried it in a sort of little cave. We wanted a divvy right there, but the boss wouldn't have it. He said there was bound to be big trouble over this business, and we would have to let it blow over. The Chinamen all backed up everything he said, so we Americans had to give in. It was still snowing hard, and an hour or so later all the marks we made must have been wiped out.

"After that the killings started, but I'll tell you the rest later, and how to get at the gold, and all. When you're alone and ready to see me, make the same signal and leave your front door open. Don't forget that you've promised to see me through."

The letter stopped there, and there was no signature. It seemed absolutely wild and incredible—but not more so, after all, than the rest of the case. It was all of a piece, mystical, magical, theatrical, and the gorge of the practical man of affairs rose at it. Nevertheless he telegraphed to the general manager of the Atlantic and Pacific:

"Got fresh clew to Car 149 business. Shall I take it up?"

An answer replied a few hours later:

"No further use for your services. Car No. 149 turned up all right at Wilmott yesterday. Contents O. K."

Pierson was becoming accustomed to incredible messages, but this startled him afresh, and its curtness irritated him. He thought they might have given some details, even if he had failed in their service, particularly when the information was of so surprising a nature. After an inward struggle he put his pride in his pocket and telegraphed again, begging for an account of the matter by mail, and at somewhat greater length. It came, after a slight delay.

"In response to your request for information on the recovery of Car 149, we would say that about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th, the station-master at Wilmott observed a wild car coming down the grade, and turned it off on the siding. It collided with a string of loaded ore cars which were standing there and was smashed to pieces. The boxes containing the money tumbled out in the wreck, and the station-master observed the number of the car on the planking and wired the district superintendent. The boxes were opened and found to contain the correct amount, and are now on their way east."

This was what Pierson read, and the management of the road wisely suggested no explanation. Demonic agencies have never been known to play tricks with railroad trains, and magicians are out of fashion, yet the tale savored of Bagdad or Samarcand. The car had not been seen at Laclede; it must have been materialized at the top of the pass, where it had disappeared and the money with it—or else—. One thing was certain: his repent-

ant train-wrecker was a fraud and a liar. It was time to finish with him, and that night Pierson repeated his signal.

His room opened off the wide, dark hall, and was only a few feet from the front door. Half an hour after he had returned to it he heard a faint scratching on his own door, a few inches from the bottom. Opening it quickly, he found a very ragged Chinaman crouching in the darkness just without, and the moment the door was opened this intruder squirmed into the room with marvelous rapidity, and, springing to his feet, slammed and locked the door. "Thank God!" he then exclaimed, in perfect English.

Pierson started, though he was prepared for anything. The Chinaman was trembling with an excitement that the detective had never before known one of that race to exhibit.

"Why, you're not—" began the detective.

"No, I'm no Chinaman!" interrupted the man, pulling off his pigtail. "I'm an American, and my name is Holt. I wrote those letters, and I wish I'd never heard of that train, for I've never touched a dollar of the money, and for the last three months I've been seeing death fifteen minutes away."

Pierson regarded him coolly enough, now. The man was certainly under the influence of strong emotion.

"What your game is in meddling with this cursed affair, I can't imagine," the detective said, slowly. "I know you're a fraud, but you don't know how I know. Read that—and that," handing over the letter and telegram from the railway.

The counterfeited Chinaman rapidly ran through both documents, and then sat down heavily and put both hands to his head.

"It beats me!" he said, hopelessly. "I can't make it out, unless it's black art. I've mixed up with Chinese a good deal, and some of their jugglers can make you see all sorts of things where there isn't anything at all. I swear to Heaven that I saw that car dug out of the snow and chopped to kindling-wood, and there was the money in it, and the dead men in it. You can bet that those Highbinders never sent back any of that coin."

"You stick to it, then?" said Pierson. "You'd better go on and give me the rest of your yarn. It's mighty interesting."

"Well, I told you how the boss wouldn't let us have any of the cash," the man went on, with nervous eagerness. "We white men all swore together that if we didn't get a fair divvy we'd give the thing away, and we told the boss so, and he said it was all right."

"Three of us went back to Seattle together, and a few days after that one of them was knifed in an opium joint and one was shot on the street. I was shot at too, but missed, and I managed to get out of the town. I read of the rest of the killings in the papers, and though you couldn't prove that they were done by Chinamen yet I knew what they meant. Every one of my white pals in that job are dead, and my life's been attempted four times. They followed me down the coast till I got into this disguise, and since then I rather think they've lost track of me. I'd have given the thing away to the police sooner if I'd dared to. I didn't know who you were till a week ago, and as soon as I found that you were on the case I saw my chance. This town's full of Chinamen, and like as not one of your own servants is a Highbinder, put in specially to watch you. I wouldn't give two cents for our two lives if they saw us together."

Pierson walked up and down for a few minutes. He couldn't believe; it was hard to disbelieve.

"The best thing we can do," he said at last, "is for me to have you arrested. Then you can take me to the place and show me the wreck of the car, and see if you can find the gold. If it all turns out as you say, you'll get a reward; if your story is a whole-cloth lie, you can't be charged with anything, unless it's insanity. Will you do it?"

"I'll do it!" Holt agreed, eagerly.

Next day an unknown Chinaman was "run in," and at night he left the coast with Pierson for the Lorrimore Pass. Holt was in American dress, but, in spite of a huge false beard, he manifested the utmost terror of detection. Pierson had said nothing of his purpose to any one; if anything came of it he would be able to make his own terms with the Atlantic and Pacific, and he trusted to his own alertness to guard against any treachery on the part of his companion.

A local train put them off near the top of the pass, and by a circuitous route they descended into the gorge. The snow was gone now and a little river flowed noisily among great boulders. Holt had great difficulty in locating the spot he sought, but at last he pointed with an exclamation of triumph to something on the ground. It was a huge round timber, smoothed like glass.

But there was no trace of the ruins of the car—nothing but the instrument of its destruction. After half an hour's searching, however, Pierson picked up a couple of large iron bolts, close to a quantity of broken window-glass. This evidence was convincing enough, so far as it went.

"Somebody has been here and smoothed things up," said Holt, with knitted brows. "The hunt must have got pretty hot, I guess, and that's why they rigged that plan of sending the car back, however they worked it. Of course they wouldn't dare to leave all those wheels and trucks lying here on the bare ground after that. I only hope they haven't moved the gold too. I don't believe they would, though, for just now I don't believe they'd hardly dare to think about all that money, and you know a Chinaman always lies low as long as he can. Besides, they know that they've done for all the Americans that were in it except me, and I guess they think they've run me off the grounds. Let's go and see, though."

To find the hiding-place of the gold, however, proved a much more difficult task, for the disappearance of the snow had altered the appearance of all the landmarks to Holt's eyes. They spent all the afternoon in following false scents, but just before dark they hit upon the spot. The hole in the cliff-face was blocked with rocks and earth, but fifteen minutes' digging cleared it out. Pierson lighted a match and held it inside the dark, narrow opening. There lay four large blankets knotted together by the corners, and when he poked one it jingled faintly and gold coins dropped out. But the original treasure chests were not there.

Pierson could have whooped with delight. The mystery of the recovered car was as much a mystery as ever, but here, at any rate, he had the money. When they reached the railway again next day, leaving the gold cache carefully resealed, he at once dispatched the following telegram to the general manager of the Atlantic and Pacific:

"I would advise you to have the gold recovered at Wil-mott examined by a Treasury man. If you are not satisfied with it, I will follow up a new clue I have, guaranteeing success, at precisely double my former terms."

Still further to emphasize his superiority, he sent the message "Collect" and then went to Denver to wait, in the full certainty of victory. In two weeks the whole affair was over.

With the exception of a few coins at the top of the boxes all the gold that had so miraculously reappeared was found to be counterfeit. Counterfeiting has long been known to be a branch of the Highbinders' industry in the West, but their factories must have worked night and day to produce so tremendous an output for this occasion. As for the car that had brought it, a very close investigation of its shattered fragments disclosed the fact that it had been manufactured by a Pittsburg company having no connection with the Atlantic and Pacific. An examination of the books of this firm showed that a rough car had been made for a private order three or four months before and shipped in section to Denver by freight. From that point it could not be traced, but it had unquestionably been taken into the mountains and painted and furnished with Oriental patience into a very fair imitation of the lost "149." Then it had been set to run down the track with the expectation that the almost inevitable collision with something would so wreck it that the imitation could not be detected. The plan had missed success but by a very little. In another month the false coin would have gone into circulation, and the matter would have been dropped by the company, in the belief that in some mysterious way the treasure had been restored.

There was no possibility of making arrests in the case, however, even if the railroad had been desirous of making the affair public; so Holt was not held as a witness. He was given a hundred dollars and a steamer passage to Brazil, where he hoped that the Highbinders would forget him. Pierson was considerably disturbed, however, to learn that he had been found a few days later stabbed through the lungs on the streets of San Francisco.

Thereupon, after due consideration, the detective decided to move his home from Oakland to Cincinnati. He thought the air of the East would prove more healthful.

FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

"The Warners"— A Labor-Problem Story.

THE sensation of the hour in the literary world is the remarkable novel by Gertrude Potter Daniels, under the title of

"The Warners." The novel deals largely with American labor situations, and is unsparing in its attacks upon trusts. The fact that the author, Mrs. Daniels, is a daughter of Orrin W. Potter, himself one of the organizers of the billion-dollar steel trust, gives a piquant interest to this statement. Mrs. Daniels is a daughter-in-law of Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central. The Daily Story Publishing Company, of Chicago, issues the book.

A brief synopsis of "The Warners" will enable our readers to see for themselves the strong qualities of the story. Cyrus Warner, a boy of the streets, after spending his youth in ceaseless toil and struggles against acute poverty, finally gains a factory position.

The regular pay, although small, enables him, through great care, to rent a room in a tenement, where for the first time he possesses some of the comforts of life.

At the factory Cyrus meets a socialist, Kirby by name, a man of good education, but such excessive temper that, until helped by Cyrus's good nature and ready tact, he has never been able to keep a place. Warner also becomes acquainted with a stenographer, Betty Martin, a charming girl, with whom he falls in love.

Kirby and Warner become great chums. Kirby attempts to influence the other against capitalists, but at the same time he helps Warner to an education, which is that man's greatest ambition.

By incessant work Cyrus succeeds in obtaining a raise in position; also he saves money enough to purchase, on the installment plan, a piece of property in a small town.

On it are a cottage and an oil well. He and Betty marry, go there to live, and are ideally happy. Their devotion to each other and their contentment are supreme. By good management each payment is met until the Warners own their home. Something is put aside as well. They have one child, little Betty, and life seems very complete.

It is at Betty's tenth birthday that Anthony J. Fellows, a capitalist, arrives at the little town, in his private car, to look over the oil industry. He sends for Cyrus, who goes to the car accompanied by his daughter. There, while Fellows asks Cyrus to sell his well, naming the price originally paid, Fellows's son, Teddy, amuses himself with the child Betty.

Warner returns to his wife in great indignation after refusing Fellows's offer. But the capitalist, determined to control all oil wells in a gigantic trust, puts down the price of oil until small owners like Warner, who have refused to sell, are driven out of the market. At the same time, Teddy, remembering little Betty's childish beauty, is writing violent love-letters to her secretly.

The Warners, unable to compete with the Fellows' price of oil, are driven back to the city for a living. Their savings are used up. They live in a tenement, and Cyrus begins a desperate hunt for work. Little Betty, too vain to work, and disgusted with poverty, spends her time with Teddy, unknown to her mother. He, fascinated with her beauty, and piqued by her apparent indifference to him, determines to cause her downfall. In the city Warner renews his friendship with Kirby. The socialist has married a woman in sympathy with his radical ideas, and together they run a paper, preaching anarchy. Kirby, too, spends much time inciting workmen against capital until, during a serious strike, he, with crude oratory, urges the idle men to deeds of violence. His doctrine is blood and bombs. Warner saves the man once from the hands of the police, but a cloud arises between the two friends, because, even in his dire distress, Warner still declines to become a follower of Kirby's teachings. During a terrible riot, the socialist, with his wife and their one child, a delicate boy, head the mob of infuriated strikers against the police. A bomb, intended for the officers of the law, is thrown from the ranks of desperate men; it falls short and kills Mrs. Kirby and the boy. Kirby flees to the Warners for refuge, but is taken, tried, and sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary.

Things go from bad to worse with the Warners. Cyrus and his wife both work for a mere pittance, and their devotion to one another never flags. Little Betty, supposed to be caring for the rooms, spends more time with Teddy. The climax comes when both father and mother lose their places, and the girl, appalled at the prospect, leaves home, ostensibly to take a situation in the country as a servant, really to install herself in a home Teddy provides for her. She lives so dissipated a life that her beauty fades. Teddy tires of her, abuses her brutally, and finally attempts to drive her out into the street with a whip. In desperation the girl murders him.

Cyrus meanwhile hears of the possibilities in mining. Fellows about this time sends Cyrus a check for his oil well, and although the amount is small compared with its worth, Cyrus accepts it gladly. He buys himself a miner's outfit and starts away to prospect. He suffers great privations and hardships, and during his wanderings falls in with a man who, in turn for a kindness Cyrus does him, reveals the prospect of an iron-ore mine. Cyrus, successful, returns home. He finds his wife half dead from acute poverty and over-work. On the evening following his arrival little Betty creeps into their one wretched room, dying, and haunted with the fear of the law, consequent upon her deed of murder.

The change of his two beloved women appalls Cyrus. This feeling changes into a vengeful fury, when, news of his strike having spread, he is informed by a trust company, headed by Anthony Fellows, that they wish to purchase his property. He understands what that means, and the unfairness of what he has suffered makes him an irresponsible creature. Just at this state Kirby is pardoned from prison by the Governor. He finds Cyrus not only a tool of anarchy, but a leader. The two plan Fellows's death; Kirby making the bomb. The night before it is to be placed, the police, suspicious of Kirby, begin to shadow him. The socialist, fearing his presence will interfere with the successful completion of their plan, takes the bomb to Cyrus; then, leaving the house cautiously, disappears. As Cyrus holds the instrument of death in his hands, looking for a place to put it, his door opens and Anthony Fellows walks in.

Hints for the Early Fisherman.

THE going out of the ice in Maine's great lakes, Moosehead and the Rangeleys, marks the formal opening of the fishing season in the Pine Tree State, and sportsmen will hurry to the lakes and streams from all parts of the country. Each season swells the numbers of this vast army, and each year there are more recruits than veterans; sportsmen who have little idea of what awaits them.

Some of the popular ideas concerning the fishing are amusing. There seems to be an opinion prevalent that the lakes and streams of Maine are literally boiling with trout, all eager to take the bait. That northern Maine has the finest fishing for trout and land-locked salmon in the world, no one can deny. The fish are there, but trout are much the same in habits in Maine as elsewhere, and there are not many days each season when the sportsman can find the sport that he is ever hoping that he will have some time; when trout can be taken two or three at a cast, or when the minnow is swallowed as soon as it reaches deep water.

There are these times, to be sure, but they are rare, and many a sportsman has been going into the State for

years, and fishing in the best waters, who has never experienced the thrill which such a day's sport gives. Several times the writer has been in the woods on waters little fished and filled with fish, when it was almost impossible to get trout enough to eat, and the demands were small. Only last spring a friend paid me a visit and we traveled forty miles and visited half a dozen camps, only to be fed on canned lamb's tongue, bacon and eggs, and fried ham, and all the while we wanted delicious fried trout as we never had wanted them before. It is not strange that the visitor went away with the impression that there wasn't a trout in the State, but the view was erroneous. A week before his arrival trout were rotting in the storehouses, and a few days after his departure people had to stop fishing, simply because they had no use for the fish.

Good fishing is dependent upon a number of conditions, and without them fishing cannot be prime, no matter how plentiful the fish. A sudden change from warm to cold, or from cold to warm, will set the fish moving. A rise in water, if not too high, has a like effect, and a drop in water from a high pitch produces the same result. If the water remains cold for a week or so, the fishing gradually decreases, and if it changes from cold to warm suddenly, and remains so long, the same result ensues. Too much cloudy weather will set the fish to feeding on a sunny day, and too much sunny weather will make a cloudy day prime, so that it is a very difficult thing to state just when the "best" fishing can be had. To enjoy it, the sportsman must be on the ground at the time. The surest places to get trout during the summer or fly-fishing months, are at points where cold brooks flow into lakes and streams, or in what is known as "quick" water. A few fish can always be found in these places, and plug or bait-fishing in spring-holes of deep water will usually furnish a supply for the larder if real sport fails to do so.

The very best early fishing in the big lakes may be depended on for a period of two weeks from a week to ten days after the going out of the ice in the spring. There are always a few days' rare sport immediately after the breaking up of the ice, or while it is breaking, but the fishing which comes later lasts longer, and may be depended on to suit the average sportsman best. Early fishing is trolling or bait-fishing. It is in this manner that the largest fish and the largest strings are taken. Live bait, minnows and smelt, are used for trolling, and worms and minnows for still fishing; and, sometimes, a strip of plain salt pork answers every need. The trolling-rod should be flexible, but stout and serviceable, with a large reel and about 200 yards of line. Gang hooks are used ordinarily, but a single-hook device is more sportsmanlike.

Fly fishing will be found at its prime some time between the first of June and the 23d. From the 5th to the 25th may be counted on to cover the very best period. At that time trout may be taken on the fly anywhere, and the black flies have not begun to trouble. June and July are both good months for fly fishing. August may be counted a poor month for all kinds of fishing, and in September conditions are prime. This is due to the fact that the climate is changing again, much the same conditions existing as in the spring. The trout are also congregating on and near the spawning beds. A September trout, however, does not equal a spring or early-summer fish for the table. The fly fisherman needs a high-grade split bamboo, about four ounces in weight, and the reel and line should balance it; that is, be neither too light nor too heavy. The fly-book need contain only the standard flies tied on numbers 6 and 8 hooks. The Montreal, brown hackle, gray hackle, Parmachenee belle, Queen of the Water, and a few others, will usually supply the needs, but once and a while a white miller, coachman, yellow May or red ibis will prove to be the only morsel that will tempt the big ones, and it is well to keep these in the book, even though they may never be used.

Moosehead Lake and the Rangeley chain furnish superb early fishing or trolling, and good fly fishing later; but the rarest sport with the artificial lure will be found in the wilderness ponds and streams which lie all about these lakes, particularly Moosehead, or up on the line of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. Rangeley has trout and salmon; Moosehead, trout, togue, and a few salmon. At Belgrade Mills will be found the finest black-bass fishing in the world, and the salmon fishing at Grand Lake Stream and Sebago Lake is second to none.

The law permits the shipment of trout, togue, and salmon from the State. Twenty-five pounds is the limit that may be taken in one day. The rates at the big hotels on Moosehead and Rangeley, the Mount Kineo Hotel and the Rangeley Lake House, are \$2.00 per day during the fishing season. The camps and smaller hotels, of which there are many, vary in prices from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day, with a suitable reduction for an extended stay. The guide's pay is \$3.00 per day, which includes use of canoe and outfit. When on camping-trips, the sportsman is expected to provide the guide's board. When at the hotel, the guide boards himself. Steamboats may be chartered on the big lakes for trips to distant points. Boats may be hired, and in some cases sportsmen may get along without guides, but it is not a good rule for one unacquainted with the places to fish to follow.

The ice leaves the great lakes not far from May 12th; April 30th has been the earliest date, and May 21st the latest. The train service to and from these great resorts, Moosehead and Rangeley, is the best, through Pullmans being run night and morning from Boston soon after the opening of the season. The fisherman who goes to Maine with time enough on his hands is sure to strike good fishing. The fishing may not be as good as it was twenty years ago, but there is sport enough to satisfy any one, and to convince him that no fishing outside of Maine is worthy of the name.

HERBERT L. JILLSON.



GERTRUDE POTTER DANIELS.



BÉCONNAIS, "THE KING OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE," A FORMER WHEELMAN WHO HAS DONE WONDERS ON A MOTORCYCLE.



"CUPID" CHILDS, THE VETERAN SECOND BASEMAN OF THE CHICAGO NATIONAL LEAGUE BASE-BALL TEAM.



JOSEPH BECKLEY, FIRST BASE OF CINCINNATI, REVERSING HIS BAT TO MAKE A BUNT.



CAPTAIN F. B. IRVINE, OF COLUMBIA'S CREW, WITH THE FAMOUS COACH, EDWARD HANLON.

World of Sports and Amusements.

THERE is no denying the fact that Young America is inclined to out-door sport and recreation, and the signs of the times point to the equally undeniable truth that the average American who has reached that period in life when he is referred to as close to or past middle age also takes a livelier interest than formerly in healthful out-door exercise. It is not many years since the average man of from forty to fifty years thought that his days of active participation in any particular sport or pastime were over and it became his dignity and station in life to gracefully retire to the shadows and watch his favorite sport from the grand-stand seat of the spectator. During the last three years all these things have changed. The wide popularity achieved by golf and the bicycle is largely if not wholly responsible for the changed conditions. If you have not observed that most striking truth you can do so by visiting any of the golf links during a pleasant afternoon or going out on some fine bit of macadamized road. On the golf links men of silver locks or of scarcely any locks at all will be found following the little rubber golf-ball with all the enthusiasm of youth.

Down at Dyker Meadow, on Long Island, I have seen a grandfather playing golf with his grandson, while the youngster's mother was playing in the championship singles for women not far away. Men advanced in years who have taken up the bicycle have found that the health-giving outdoor exercise sends the blood tingling through their veins as it has not tingled before in a decade. There is a man seen frequently on the Cycle Path in Brooklyn whose hair is as white as snow and who, before he began to ride a wheel, was bent with age. He tacks on behind the scorches now, and it takes a good man to beat him in the five and a half mile spin from Prospect Park to Coney Island. I know a literary man of seventy or over who took up cycling two years ago. He thought his race was practically run and you would hardly know him to-day. The fire has come back to his eye and there is a rosy tone to his cheek which denotes health and happiness. I asked him the other day about his health. "I'm just beginning to realize what I have lost," said he. "I need no tonics now and I feel twenty years younger. The bicycle did it." The fact that old and young play cricket in England is a factor in the wonderful popularity of that famous old English game.

The critics who predicted that another war in this country would kill professional base-ball did not look into the conditions as closely as they should have done. They simply remembered the disastrous effect of the old brotherhood fight of eleven years ago and forgot what brought about those conditions. That fight was between the player, the working-man of the game, and the club owner, the capitalist. The moneyed man won and there was much bad feeling, as might have been expected. The fight between the National and American leagues is a different story, and the ultimate result of the present wrangle may be possibly the actual betterment of professional base-ball in this country. The old club owners have had a monopoly of the sport for so long that the game had settled down into a groove into which it was impossible to introduce an innovation, no matter how worthy or how much it was needed. The haughty and pugilistic attitude of the American League has shown the old club owners that they must be up and doing if they wish to hold their own.

The result will be the survival of the fittest and the establishment of two major leagues on practically equal footing and all working under one national agreement. That is as it should be and undoubtedly will be in spite of the declaimers to be heard on both sides of the fence. Nobody need be at all surprised if a spirited interchange of games should take place between the teams of the rival leagues next fall. That is the only way that the real strength of the two leagues can be determined. It is all nonsense to attempt to estimate their comparative strength. Such an interchange of games would serve to keep the interest up right to the playing of the final game, and, by the bye, that is the only way it can be kept from waning. As soon as one team shows its superiority over its fellows the interest must lag unless there is a post-season series to be looked forward to.

There is another feature in base-ball which becomes more apparent each day. It was not many years ago that a club owner considered that he had dead wood on his hands when he found that several of his players had been

with his club for five or six years. Then he began to look around for young blood, for fear that the old fellows would die on his hands. A look over the field to-day will show many players who have been in active service, some of them, for nearly twenty years. "Cupid" Childs, of Chicago, is playing just as good ball as he did back in Cleveland when Tebeau was winning his spurs. George Van Haltren, of the New York team, has been playing ball for a score of years, but is doing as well to-day as ever. George Davis never played better ball than he is doing to-day, and the same can be said of Farrell, McGuire, "Tom" Daly, O'Connor, Zimmer, Nichols, Burkett, Beckley, and Corcoran. The players have found out that to remain in harness they must take better care of themselves, and, to the credit of the profession be it said, they have learned the lesson wisely.

The athletic interests at Columbia University, which appeared to be in a rather unsatisfactory condition early in the spring, are now in good order and a spirited outdoor season is assured for the wearers of the white and blue. The cycling team is at work at Berkeley Oval, and the oarsmen, under the careful guidance of Ed. Hanlon, have shown up to good advantage in their preliminary work on the Harlem. Captain F. B. Irvine is sanguine that Columbia will make a good record on the water this year, and expects to be well satisfied with the material he has on hand. Columbia has lost her greatest sprinter, "Makey" Long, but there are several promising youngsters at work on the cinder path at present.

The owners of automobiles are having the same troubles which beset the wheelmen and manufacturers. They are simply having to fight for their rights. The motor vehicle has come to stay, there is no doubt about that, and it is bound to increase in popularity as the manufacturer perfects his machine. For an industry only in its infancy the amount of capital invested in the manufacture of automobiles and motor machines in this country is stupendous. The new sport and recreation is fortunate in having such an institution as the Automobile Club of America to fight for the rights of the horseless carriage. Among the members are men well known in the business, legal, financial, and social worlds, and, while the automobile will have a sharp battle with the unbelievers, its champions are strong and are bound to win out quicker than some people think. With men like A. R. Shattuck, Alfred C. Bostwick, George F. Chamberlin, J. C. Church, Jefferson Seligman, and Colonel Albert A. Pope behind the guns the opposition must falter. The automobile is a vehicle and it is entitled to the same rights and privileges enjoyed by other vehicles.

While the struggle between Yale and Harvard on one side and Oxford and Cambridge on the other will furnish great sport to the lovers of track and field athletics in September, it is hoped that still another set of international games will be arranged. The New York and London athletic clubs can arrange an international meeting which would bring together the best amateurs in America and England. The expense would not be material considering the amount of money which could be taken in at the gate. A series of this sort following the intercollegiate meet would boom athletics for years to come.

Everybody has of course seen the wonderful turnout of wheelmen since the bad weather gave way to bright sunshine and clear skies. There is no doubt about the wholesome revival of interest in the wheel in point of numbers. Quantity has been seen on the roads on Sundays. Quality is seen during the week days, but has, up to date, been particularly lacking on the roads on the Sabbath. The chainless wheel is popular, as it deserves to be, but the bevel gear had a hard fight of it, for the prejudice against it was strong even in many minds supposed to be purely mechanical.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

At the Theatres.

"THE King's Carnival," by Sydney Rosenfeld, is the latest burlesque presented to the New York public, and its recent production at the New York Theatre by a well-selected lot of good singers and dancers and some excellent burlesque actors, was well received. There are a good many bright hits in this lively entertainment, and it offers sufficient variety to satisfy almost any one. Among others included in the very excellent cast are, Miss Adele Ritchie, Miss Marie Dressler, Miss Laura

Burt, Miss Nina Farrington, Miss Amelia Summerville, Daniel McAvoy, Harry Bulger, and Louis Harrison. The music is by A. B. Sloane.

Miss Belle Davis has been one of the features in the excellent bill at Keith's Theatre in New York, after having finished



MISS BELLE DAVIS.

a ten weeks' engagement at Keith's, Boston, in conjunction with the song-sheet, which consisted of a chorus of fifty voices, of which she was the soloist. She also did her singing specialty, assisted by her famous pickaninies. Miss Davis is a handsome young woman, and will be remembered for her excellent work as *Primrose*, the *Lady Cook*, in J. J. Rosenthal's "Brown's in Town" company at the Bijou Theatre, two seasons ago. She was also one of the features of Hammerstein's Roof Garden. She finished a season of forty-two consecutive weeks in vaudeville at the end of her Keith engagement. Next she goes to London to open at the Alhambra, and is booked for a year's engagement through London, Paris, Berlin, and the provinces, secured for her by her manager, Miss Jennie Jacobs, the only woman agent in the business. Miss Davis sings coon songs more artistically than any of her predecessors, and in that line is May Irwin's only rival. She is one of many colored people on the stage, but one of the few who have risen above ordinary success. The young lady is an exceptionally good actress.

Mr. Stephen Wright, who has come into prominence as the successor of Mr. James K. Hackett in the principal rôle of



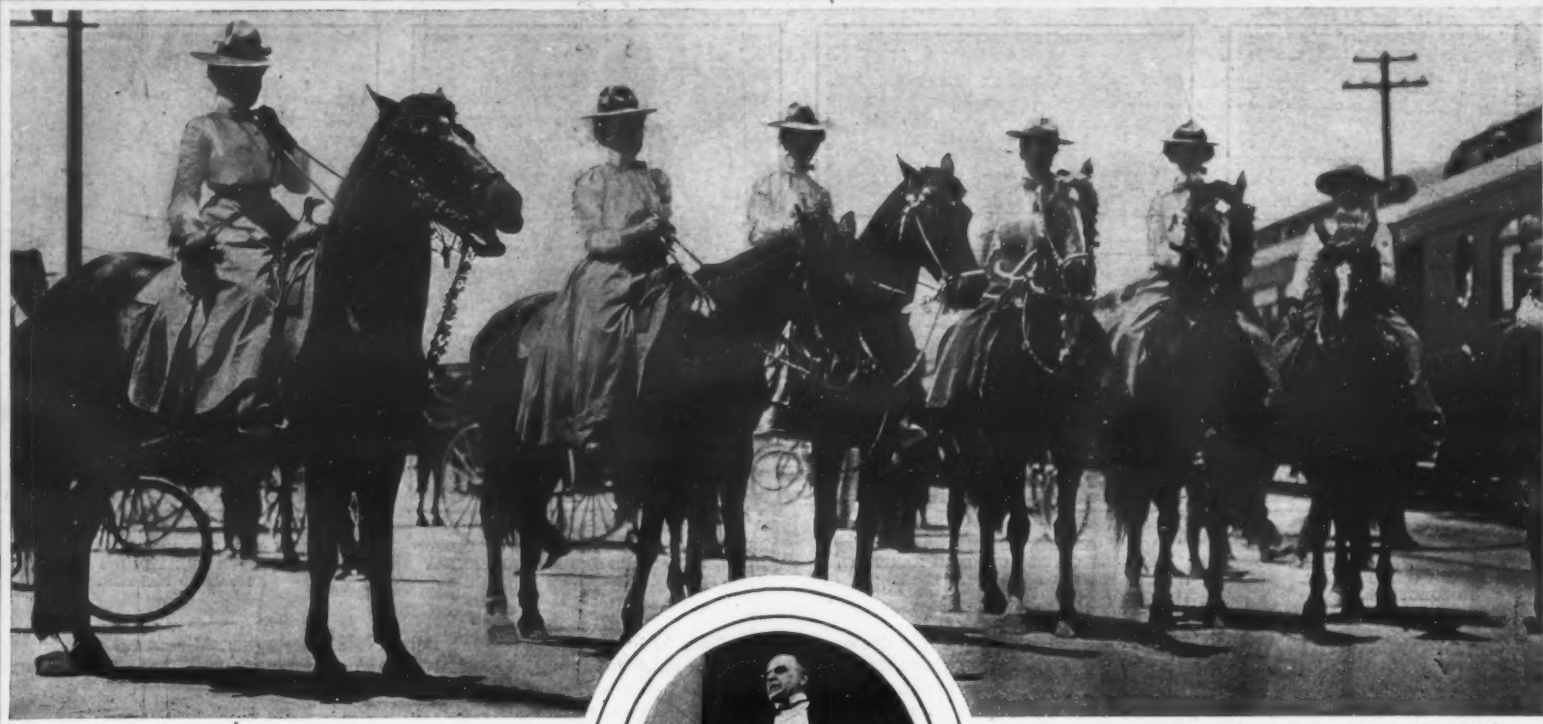
STEPHEN WRIGHT.

"The Pride of Jennico," is an actor of ripe experience. In the earliest days of his career he played with all the great stars, including McCullough, Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska, gaining by this association the invaluable training which, when opportunity at last presented itself, enabled him to win a distinguished success. Mr. Wright has been a member of Mr. Daniel Frohman's forces for three years, and now that he has demonstrated his fine capability in the rôle of

Basil Jennico, he has been selected to play one of the leading rôles in "The Forest Lovers," the medium through which Miss Bertha Galland will make her debut as a star at the Lyceum Theatre in August.

Those who remember the early triumphs of Nat Goodwin in anything but the legitimate drama, and who have watched his career of success in farce, comedy, and in serious character, had a special interest in his most ambitious professional venture when he undertook to portray *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice," with Maxine Elliott as *Portia* at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The enthusiastic greeting he received in some of the principal cities of the East and West during his preliminary tour presaged a similar welcome in New York. Just why Mr. Goodwin chose "The Merchant of Venice," which has

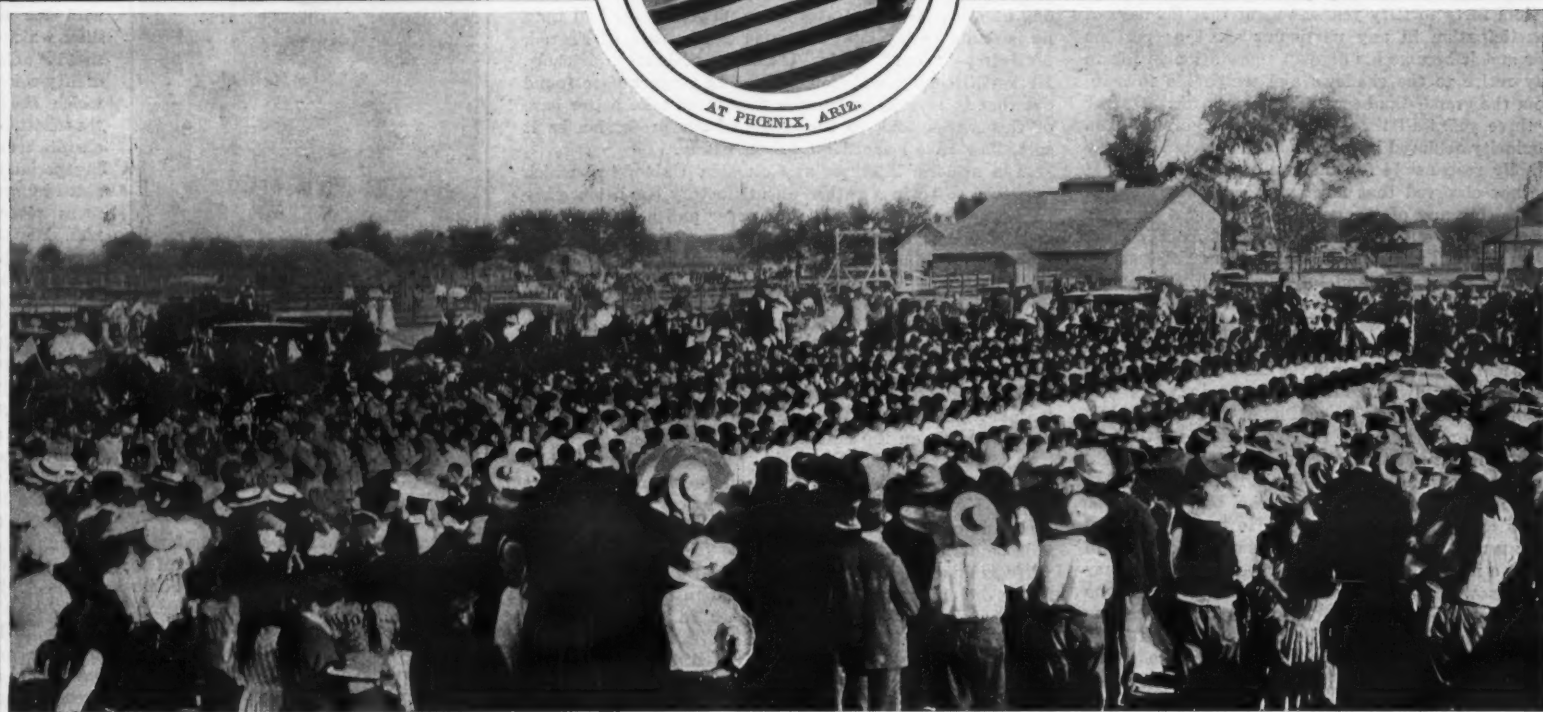
(Continued on page 517.)



HANDSOME BELLES OF REDLANDS, CAL.,



IN DIVIDED SKIRTS, WELCOME THE PRESIDENT.



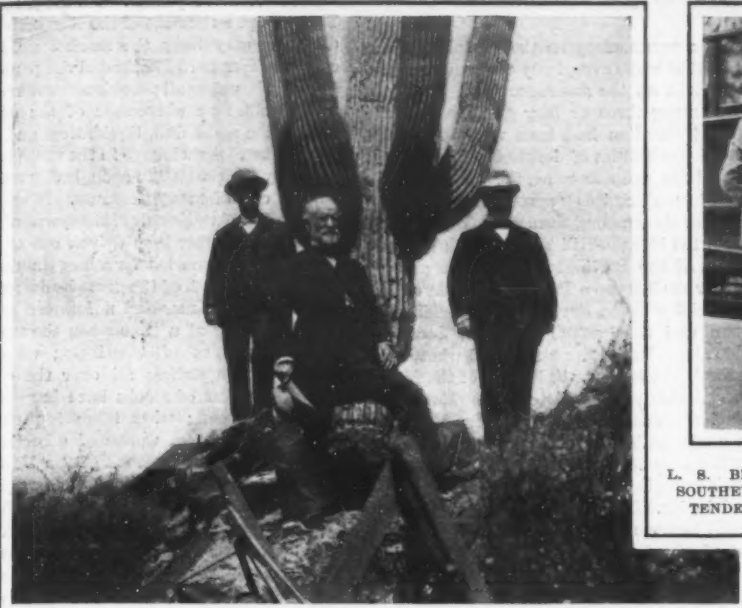
EAGER WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT BY THE BOYS AND GIRLS FROM THE INDIAN SCHOOL AT PHOENIX, ARIZ.



THE PRESIDENT ADDRESSING A HAPPY CROWD FROM THE FLOWER-COVERED PORCH OF THE CASA LOMA HOTEL, REDLANDS, CAL.

WELCOMING THE PRESIDENT TO THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

NO ABATEMENT OF THE ENTHUSIASM WHICH HAS CHARACTERIZED THE PRESIDENT'S GREETING AT EVERY POINT FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, WITH SECRETARY WILSON AND PRESIDENT F. D. GAGE, OF THE CONGRESS GOLD MINE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRONT OF A MONSTER CACTUS, ON THE BLUE TANK MOUNTAINS, ARIZONA.



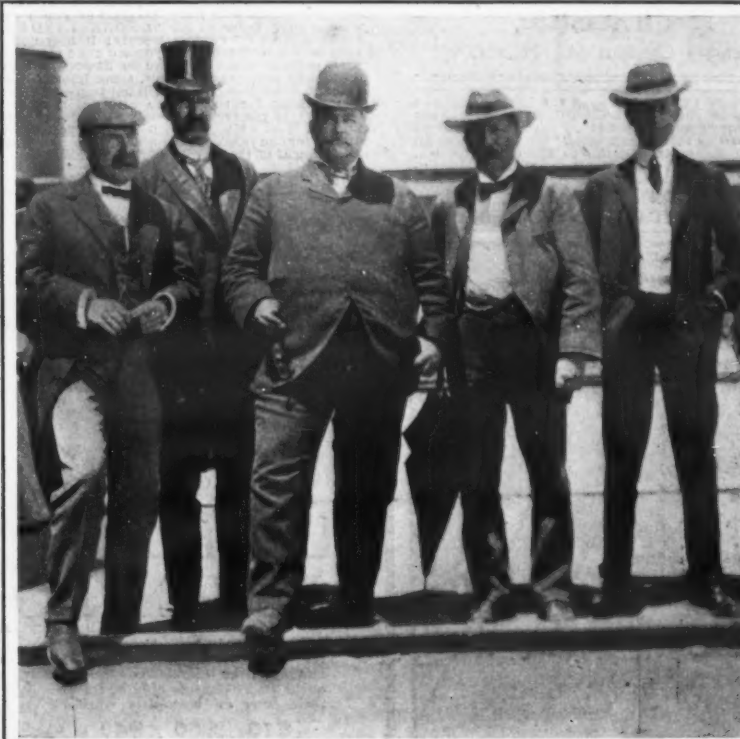
L. S. BROWN, OF THE SOUTHERN RY., WHO EXTENDED COURTESIES.



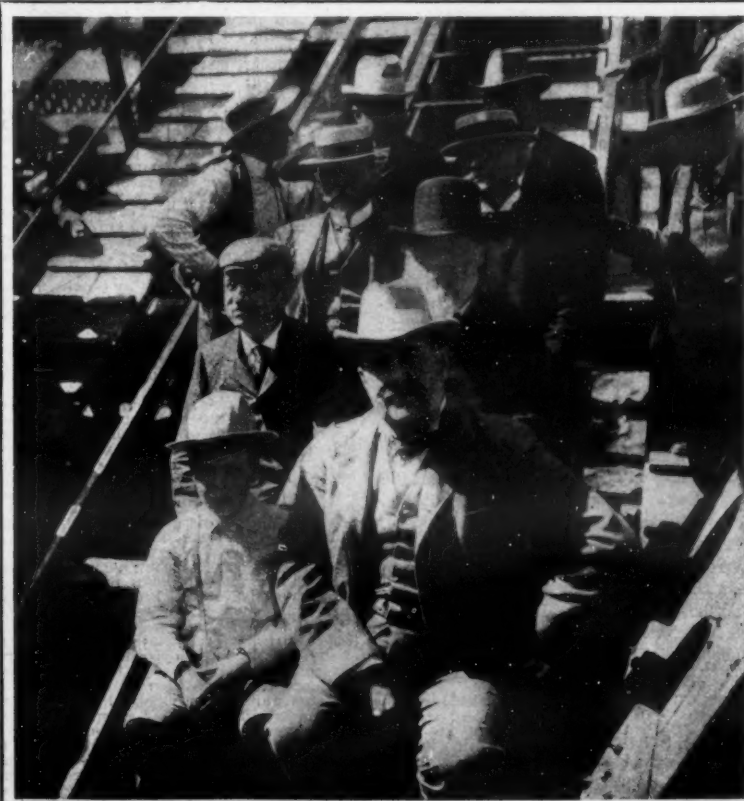
THE PRESIDENT CROSSING A MOUNTAIN PATH TO VISIT THE CONGRESS GOLD MINE, ONE OF THE LARGEST IN ARIZONA.



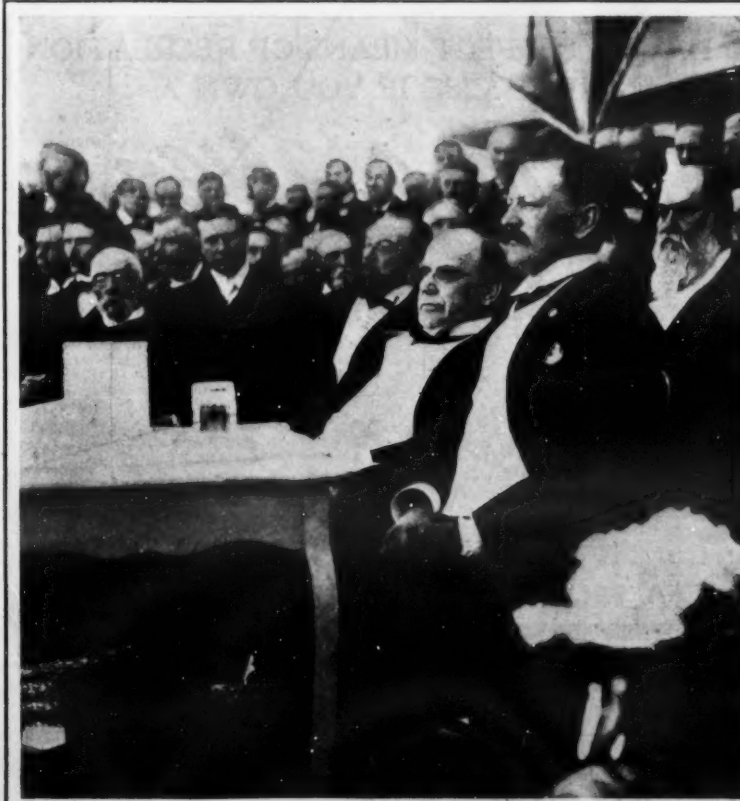
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, HIS LOCKS TOSSED BY THE TEXAS BREEZES, POSES FOR THE CHILDREN'S CAMERAS AT EL PASO—GENERAL HERNANDEZ, OF MEXICO, REPRESENTING PRESIDENT DIAZ, ON THE RIGHT.



SOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S CALIFORNIA FRIENDS, DR. DIGNAM, DR. RIXEY (WHO ATTENDED MRS. MCKINLEY), VICE-PRESIDENT CRUTCHNITT, OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC, H. I. SCOTT AND L. I. SCOTT, OF THE FAMOUS UNION IRON WORKS OF SAN FRANCISCO.



STARTING DOWN A 3,000-FOOT SHAFT TO VISIT THE CONGRESS GOLD MINE. THE PARTY INCLUDES CHARLES A. MOORE, OF NEW YORK, AND SON, THE VENERABLE ADMIRAL MELVILLE, AND POSTMASTER-GENERAL SMITH, AND BEHIND THEM ARE SECRETARIES HITCHCOCK, HAY, AND CORTELYOU.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY WAITING TO BE INTRODUCED TO THE ENORMOUS CROWD AT EL PASO.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE PATRIOTIC PEOPLE OF THE PACIFIC COAST VIE WITH THE HOSPITABLE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH IN WELCOMING OUR CHIEF MAGISTRATE. PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

you stock, you mention, (1) that the West is the best place at the present time to go to be most satisfactory. Of the Industrials, American Ice preferred. (2) You are right about the increasing burdens of St. Louis and San Francisco as the result of the new stock issue. If you buy any, buy the first preferred. I regard that as a fairly safe investment. (3) Hocking Valley is not showing as great an increase of earnings as either Norfolk and Western or St. Louis and San Francisco. (4) After such an experience the market usually becomes dull and declining, but the controlling interests are endeavoring to sustain it and to advance prices. We seem to be entering upon an era of labor strikes, and if these spread the result must be depressing.

"H. P. C., Washington, D. C.: Thanks for your compliment. Am glad you waited and saved your money.
 "A Reader," Point Pleasant, W. Va.: I do not believe in it or in any other of the stocks of that character.
 "N. C., Cincinnati, O.: No. (2) I think very little of it. (3) American Linseed Oil. (4) None that I can recommend.
 "D., New York: No book will give you the information you seek. The best way is to have a few minutes' conversation with any broker or banker.
 "W. S., New York: I do not advise an investment in the building association concern. A good industrial investment would be American Ice around 70.
 "Eric," Philadelphia: The United States Pneumatic Horse Collar Company was recently sold out at a nominal price. No wonder it pays no attention to your letters. No stamp.
 "G., St. Paul, Minn.: It would be wiser to even up on your Tennessee Coal and Iron at lower prices and then sell at the first opportunity rather than to take a heavy loss in it.
 "H., Baltimore: I do not see much investment value in Mexican National. Your American Ice common has been a regular dividend-payer. As between the two, I would retain the latter.
 "R. G., Denver, Col.: The change ought to be beneficial to Seaboard. (2) Events have answered your question. (3) It has not been reported of late. (4) Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway.
 "R. A. E., Eau Claire, Wis.: The capital of Diamond Match is \$15,000,000. All of one kind. It pays 2 1/2 per cent. quarterly, and sets aside a surplus yearly. It is a good industrial investment.
 "D., Youngs, Va.: The stock is not dealt in on Wall Street and I am unable from my own knowledge, therefore, to give you the information you seek. No reports are available, for none appear to have been published. No stamp inclosed.
 "P., Rochester: New York Transportation has just been assessed ten dollars a share, and has declined to between \$1 and \$2 per share on the curb. Friends of the company insist that it has possibilities of future development and I would not sacrifice my stock. No stamp.
 "L. B., West Pittsfield, Mass.: The stocks you mention are industrials, having only a local reputation. They are not dealt in on Wall Street. Some local banker or mercantile agency would therefore answer you more explicitly than I could. Ideal only with Wall Street propositions.
 "S. E. C., Jacksonville, Ill.: Chicago and Alton preferred, around 75, does not look high for a 4 per cent. stock, as compared with the prices of stocks generally, but I do not regard it as a first-class investment. Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville preferred, around 67, I think would be a better purchase, considering the possibilities of that property.
 "W., Curwinstown, Penn.: I think well of United States Express, Kansas City Southern, Toledo, St. Louis and Western, and Amalgamated Copper, and I hear that a movement to advance Linseed Oil was under way before the recent smash, but I would buy with caution only at favorable opportunities until the market reaches a more satisfactory condition.
 "J. W., New York: Colorado Southern sold a year ago at about 6. It has had a very substantial rise. The second preferred sold at 16. The earnings of the property do not warrant an expectation of dividends on either the common or second preferred. If I had a profit, I should sell. (2) Toledo, St. Louis and Western common is one of the cheapest of the low-priced stocks.
 "P., Griggsville, Ill.: The certificate of Northern Pacific preferred stock, which you hold, issued in 1876, has now but little if any value. The assessments should have been paid and a new certificate issued. I think, however, by addressing the secretary of the Northern Pacific Company in New York City, you may be able, possibly, to learn where you can obtain a small percentage of its value.
 "T., Augusta, Ga.: Your plan in reference to B. R. T. is conservative. (2) You were unwise to have such a small margin. I have warned my readers repeatedly of late against the danger of such a course. I believe with you that Manhattan ought to advance, unless the entire market reacts. (3) Any broker in any large city will buy the express stocks for you. At least a twenty-point margin will be required.
 "Sceptic," Galesburg, Ill.: Contending interests in Northern Pacific both say that the Burlington deal will go through, no matter which wins. The absorption of the stock would, of course, eliminate it ultimately from market transactions. (2) The earnings of Southern Pacific are large and the road is constantly getting into better shape to pay dividends, but as its control is in the hands of the Union Pacific, it is for the latter to say whether net earnings shall be utilized for dividends or not.
 "Banker," Kansas City: The falling off in East-bound freight, the continued threats of labor strikes from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, the vast increase in issues of stocks and bonds by many of the railroads, the fear that money will become tighter inside of ninety days, and the shock that has been given to investors and speculators by the panic, as well as the quarrel between the great financial leaders—all are calculated to make the market restless, feverish, and unsettled for some little time to come.
 "John," Hannibal, Mo.: It is impossible to forecast what the proposed Gould combination will include, but it is likely to be helpful to Texas Pacific. The earnings of this stock have had much to do with its advance, and the same may be said of St. Louis, Southern and St. Louis and San Francisco. All of these stocks have had such a decided rise that I only advise their purchases on reactions. (2) I see very little hope of a dividend on Southern Railroad common, and think it has had about all the advance that is justified at present.
 "C. F. R., Atlanta, Ga.: Chicago Terminal is making a good showing, but no one can tell what will happen to any stock in this market. I would not sell it if I had it. (2) Diamond Match pays 2 1/2 per cent. quarterly. (3) Control of all the copper interests by the Amalgamated might make the stock of the latter worth 200. The prospects of control are uncertain. (4) You can buy Standard Oil stock if you want a first-class oil company. Your broker will buy it for you. It was a bargain during the recent slump, when it went down to less than 700.
 "Inquirer," Parkersburg, Ia.: The last dividend on American Ice common was 1 per cent. It has paid 1 per cent. quarterly continuously. (2) An advance in Ice common, Linseed, and United States Steel had been anticipated before the break. I think there was more reason to expect it than there was for a much higher advance in Sugar. (3) Everything depends upon the settlement of existing complications in financial quarters. Texas Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Kansas City Southern, especially the first and last mentioned, bought during the reactions, ought to be profitable purchases. I have already given my opinion of Union Pacific and Northern Pacific

several times. I do not regard the common stocks as worth as much as St. Paul common.
 "Unfortunate," Bangor, Me.: Great fortunes were made as well as lost during the recent Wall Street disturbance. There are authenticated instances in which the purchasers of Northern Pacific stock at \$5 or \$6 a share, four years ago, were able to sell them during the recent flurry at from \$500 to \$700 per share. One man is said to have made \$700,000 on an original investment of less than \$6,000. Some of the stocks which have had phenomenal advances during the past four years are Union Pacific, which has risen from three or four dollars a share to over 130; Atchison, from 13 to over 70; Atchison preferred, from 20 to par; Missouri Pacific, from 21 up to 110; St. Paul, from 65 to 170; Chicago and East Illinois, from 40 to nearly 140; Northwestern, from 95 to 210; Norfolk and Western, from 3 to 53 for the common, and from 5 to 88 for the preferred; and Texas Pacific, from 8 to 50. It can readily be seen that those who bought low-priced stocks four years ago and held them patiently made fortunes quickly.
 "Interested," Buffalo, N. Y.: It is a curious fact that the day the American Linseed Company made its semi-official announcement that dividends would not be paid until its recent loan had been liquidated, the stock began to rise. It is an old trick of the manipulators of the industrial to circulate bear rumors to enable them to buy shares at lower figures. (2) The stock of the Morton Trust Company, of New York, recently rose in one transaction from \$800 to \$1,000 a share, and yet has never paid a dividend. (3) The earnings of Chicago and Alton do not indicate that it can pay more than two per cent. on the common to this year. Manipulation may advance it, but on its merits it is high enough. (4) It is said that Atchison common is to be put on a four per cent. basis. (5) The surplus of the Union Bag and Paper Company, for the year ending March 1, after deducting dividends paid and due in April, was only \$33,000, which, added to the existing surplus, made a total of \$757,000. This is not a very good showing. (6) The cheapest of the Vanderbilt stocks I believe to be Canada Southern.
 "G., Portland, Me.: A strong combination of speculators is pushing the Mexican railways into prominence, in spite of the fact that civil conditions in Mexico are always more or less unsettled, which makes speculation in its properties dangerous. (2) The fuel oil produced in such enormous quantities in the new Texas field is about to be piped eighteen miles to the gulf at Port Arthur, and can then be delivered in all the manufacturing cities along the Atlantic coast, in competition with coal and at half the price of the latter. The output of these Texas oil-fields, which have only commenced to be developed, is already said to be half the product of the entire United States. (3) A bull pool is intent on advancing the price of American Sugar common. It is a one-man stock, in which money can be easily made sometimes, and as easily lost. I have no doubt that its earnings are large enough to justify increased dividends. (4) Eventually there will be a consolidation of local gas interests in New York, but I am told that the time is not yet ripe for this combination. If so, Consolidated Gas is getting too high. A first-rate, conservative gas stock, which will no doubt largely increase in value, is that of the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia.
 "Trustee," Hartford, Conn.: Many old operators with a superstitious turn, studiously refuse to deal in Northern Pacific, because it led to the ruin of Jay Cooke & Co. and caused the panic in 1873, drove Henry Villard to the wall in 1884, and now, at the beginning of the new century, has brought about the sharpest and most remarkable panic that Wall Street ever had. (2) A good permanent investment, concerning which little is said, is United Gas Improvement Company's stock, of Philadelphia. The par of the stock is 50, and it has been selling at over 120. It pays 8 per cent. per annum and occasional generous extra dividends. Last year its earnings were 15 per cent. on its \$22,500,000 of stock. (3) The movement in Linseed Oil is no doubt inspired by the new Union Lead Company's combination, which has behind it some powerful financiers and vigorous speculators. It behooves you to be careful how you trade. (4) The failure of the Manhattan Ice Company, of New York, shows how difficult it is to start an opposition to the American Ice Company in a field which it dominates. (5) The annual report of Continental Tobacco shows a little over 2 per cent. earned on the common stock, but I am told that the earnings are increasing. Whether this statement is justified or not, I do not undertake to say. (6) The annual report of the Lake Shore makes the interesting revelation that an average price of nearly \$64 a share was paid for the large purchases made, on its account, of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway. Whenever this stock drops below that figure, therefore, it ought to be a fair purchase. (7) The increase in the stock of the Chicago, Great Western Railway Company is not very considerable. This road runs through a profitable and growing territory. The stock has had a tremendous advance, but it is well to watch it on reactions.
 NEW YORK, May 15th, 1901. JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

A READER of LESLIE'S WEEKLY in Maine, in writing of his experience with assessment organizations, says that for many years he was a member of fraternal orders, which he joined because they offered cheap life insurance; but he says he finally discovered that as a young man he was paying for the insurance of old men and invalids, who would have no chance to secure life insurance in an old-line company. In consequence of this discovery, and after his experience had cost him not a little money, he took out three policies in the strongest of the old-line companies and has been entirely satisfied with the results. His experience has been that of many other readers of this department who have frankly stated their cases to me.
 Any association or order that offers life insurance in return for the payment of assessments covering the death losses, must ultimately and obviously have heavier

losses with the increasing ratio of deaths consequent upon the increasing age of its membership; so that in such orders a man's insurance is constantly costing him more each year. It is cheap at the beginning and dearer later on, until finally it becomes too dear and is dropped. Then the member finds himself, perhaps, too old or too infirm to secure insurance in one of the old-line companies, and discovers that all that he has paid in assessments has been wasted. In an old-line company, like the New York Life, the Equitable, the Mutual Life, the Prudential, Provident Savings, or any of the long list which I might give, the amount of the premium required is fixed at the outset. It is larger than the assessments levied by a fraternal order, but every year the policy in an old-line company has an increased value, and whenever it is surrendered, the insured receives some substantial return for the money he has paid in. There is a great satisfaction in contemplating the fact that you are not only insuring your life for your successors, but also laying by a little for yourself in case of necessity.

"S., Roanoke, Va.: If you can, at your age, secure the policy in the Equitable regarding which you speak, I would advise you to take it, in the interests of perfect safety and security.
 "Reader," Wakefield, Mass.: I would prefer the twenty-payment life in the Mutual Life to the certificate in the Pilgrim Fathers. I do not think you can improve upon the policy which the Mutual offers you.
 "W., York, Penn.: I would hold the policy to the end of the third year, as you propose, and then take the policy offered you in the New York Life. It would be well to know whether you can pass a medical examination before dropping the policy in the smaller and unsatisfactory company.
 "H., Sea Breeze, Fla.: The insurance broker is absolutely without warrant for his allegation regarding the company you mention. It is one of the strongest, soundest, and safest in the United States, and you need never lose a moment's sleep as long as you continue to hold your policies in it. It is one of the three greatest insurance and financial companies in the world.
 "S., Helena, Mont.: The company you refer to is not among the strongest or the best, and if you can obtain insurance in any one of the strong, old-line companies, I would advise you to drop the policy and take out a new one in the safest company you can find. You are still a young man, and, but for the business in which you are engaged, you ought to be a good risk in any of the great old-line companies. Some of them discriminate against your occupation.
 "Executor," Topeka, Kan.: The statement of the agent of the New York Life is absolutely correct as made to you. I have the authority of the home office for saying so. The name of the St. Louis gentleman is George D. Barnard. He took out a policy for five thousand dollars in the New York Life, on the twenty-year endowment, twenty-year settlement plan, and has been notified that in August he can call on the company for \$7,706.20 cash, so that the company not only pays him all that he paid for his life insurance during the twenty years, but also over 4 per cent. compound interest.
 "H., Dexter, Me.: The Equitable's new 5-per-cent. gold debenture bonds are entirely safe, and you do not put too high an estimate upon them. They can be paid for in installments, with a guarantee to the purchaser that, in case of his death before all the installments are paid, the bonds will at once go to his estate and immediately bear interest. The twenty-year-endowment form of payment will enable you to buy a block of these bonds in twenty equal annual installments, and, in case of your death, the bonds will go at once to your family. You participate also in the profits earned by the company while you are paying the installments. I prefer the Equitable bonds to the Northwestern ten-payment twenty-year-endowment, though I regard the Northwestern as entirely sound. No one believes that the latter can continue to pay the rate of dividends that it paid during its earlier days, when interest rates were higher. (2) The results are not very different.

The Hermit.

At the Theatres.

(Continued from page 513.)

been worn threadbare by the most talented players in the world, for his latest effort in the legitimate he must answer for himself. That it was a wise choice remains to be demonstrated, but the popularity of both Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott is so general that both can count upon success for any production in which they are conspicuous.

A recent glimpse of the uncompleted Midway at the Buffalo Exposition justifies the conclusion that it is to be the greatest show of its kind on earth. My readers will be especially pleased with the Midway Red Star Route, under the general management of E. W. McConnell, which takes in a splendid variety of variegated attractions.

JASON.



Aubrey Bouicault, as Bassanio. Maclyn Arbuckle, as Antonio. Vincent Serrano, as Gratiano. N. C. Goodwin, as Shylock. Maxine Elliott, as Portia.
 N. C. GOODWIN AND MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



A PREFERENCE.

UNCLE HORSEHEADS (who has struck a snag on his return from choir-practice)—"By jeez! I hope 'twill only be ther old fiddle's neck thet gits broke."

Dreaming of Summer.

Oh, de summer am a-comin', d an yo' worry cause it's slow,
In de sun de flies am hummin' an' de gentle south win's blow.
Days am comin' warm an' bright, cloudy days when fish
'll bite, days fer workin' long an' light,
An' dem days is comin' hummin' an' will be here fust yo' know.

Doan yo' heah de robins singin' in de woodlan' dark an' cool;
Whar de grape-vine am a swingin' jess above de dark deep pool?
Whar de w'itefish lie an' sleep, golly ain't I often creep
till mah line would soun' de deep,
An' I yank a big foah-pounder an' he drap back in de hole?

Summer's comin', flowahs blowin', soon de cohnfiel's will appear,
An' de wattahmelon growin' coax along de roas'in ear.
Now be quiet ef yo' kin, lick yo' lips when I begin, all dat truck will lead to sin.
What I tole yo'? Summer's comin' hummin' long dis time o' year.

Summer's comin'; she's awakin' all de buds on oak an' gum,
An' dis niggah's meal an' 'acon gittin' down to de las' crumb,
An' de 'possum an' de coon undernead de summer moon will be immigratin' soon;
So ef summer comes she'll find me here a-waitin', let her come.
A. L. B.

Touched.

"You see me as I am," said the broken-down humbrist, as he solicited alms from the benevolent pedestrian; "and yet I've worked like a beaver, writing jokes for the papers."

"And what did you get in return?"

"My manuscripts!" moaned the miserable mendicant. Moved almost to tears, the benevolent pedestrian handed the wretched man a crisp, new dime and went on his way without a word.

Puzzling.

Bridget (standing before a picture in Mrs. T.'s sitting-room)—"Foine picture thot, Mrs. T."

"I think a great deal of it," replied Mrs. T. "It was taken of mother and me when I was two years old."

"Shure an' I niver would 'a' thought the loike—an' which is you an' which is your mither?"

Concise.

"You are all the world to me," said the baron. "I see," replied his American fiancée; "and you are of the opinion that the world owes you a living."



I.

SCORCHER—"If I keep on at this rate I'll beat all records into town. (Whirr.)"

How It Happened.

Justice—"Well, what was the fight about?"

Plaintiff (who is badly battered)—"Please, your honor, the prisoner assaulted me without a shadow of excuse and neatly killed me. I had just told him a neat little joke, when he knocked me down with his stick and jumped on me with both feet. He—"

Defendant—"A-r-r-r, your honor! He told me that a certain man called his son 'Trolly' because his name was 'Oscar,' and then I hit him."

Justice—"Served him right! Prisoner, you are discharged. Officer, take the plaintiff and throw him out of the window."

An Immune.

THE chief of the rack department and the superintendent of the Inquisition were baffled. The victim had now been on the rack six hours, and was pleasantly springing all kinds of sacrilegious gags on the rack attendants. The authorities were nonplussed. Any greater strain would break the rack. Would the culprit never repent?

Ha! he is about to speak again. Will it be a recantation, or another joke on the Jersey mosquito?

The victim opens his mouth, and every ear lends attention.

"If these blamed mudsills," he mutters to himself, "knew that for five years I have ridden twice a day from Harlem down to Broad Street, hanging on to the straps on the elevated, they'd use this old rack for a garden-gate and try moral suasion."

Fortuitous Circumstance.

"WRITE your scare-head now," said the managing editor of the *Bully Bazoo*, "and we will go to press with the first extra."

"There is no news yet, sir," replied the telegraph-editor.

"Good! You won't be hampered by the facts. Make it a thrilling head."

Time Too Limited.

"WHAT was the cause of the trouble in the woman's club?"

"The majority adopted a resolution limiting the time of each woman for speaking on any question to three hours."

One.

"Now that you are married," said her intimate friend, "do you intend to hyphenate your name and call yourself Mrs. Plumb-Duff?"

"No," replied the lovely bride, with a shy glance at her proud young husband. "This is not a consolidation. It's an absorption."

The Bicycle in the Bible.

THEIR round tires like the moon.—ISAIAH iii., 18.

And their wheels like a whirlwind.—ISAIAH v., 28.

A wise king scattereth the wicked and bringeth the wheel over them.—PROVERBS xx., 26.

And what saddle soever he rideth upon.—LEVITICUS xv., 9.

To cause the lamps to burn continually.—LEVITICUS xxiv., 2.

They that were foolish took their lamps and took no oil with them.—MATTHEW xxv., 3.

This Was a Real One.

"I do not like the expression 'a quiet wedding,' Mr. Scripps," said the editor to his new reporter. "You know that in society there are no noisy weddings."

"But this was a quieter wedding than usual," replied the reporter.

"In what way?"

"The parties were deaf-mutes and they were married by the use of the sign-language."

Happy Retort.

"Now, don't tell me any story about misfortune an' wantin' to be a hard worker, 'n' all that," said the hard-faced lady. "I can see right through you."

"Gee!" said Dismal Dawson. "I know I ain't had nothin' to eat for three days, but I didn't know it had thinned me down like that."



II.

(Biff!) Great Scott! I forgot those old last year's chestnuts—



A SWALLOWING MEASURE.

GOLFSTIX—"How far is it to Jaytown, old chappie?"
WHEEZY WILLY—"About two thirsts and an eat, pard."

A New Line.

"WHY, where did you come from, Uncle Jasper?" I said to the old darkey who had sent the house-girl in to tell me that he wanted to see me.

"I come f'um Decatur, Miss Alice," he said; "I got to Atlanta 'bout two hours ago, but I didn' low you was ready to see nobody."

"Did you come on the train?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, dat I didn'; I come in on de rabbit."

"On what?"

"On de rabbit. You sholy done heerd er de new rabbit dey's got."

"Oh," I said, "you mean the rapid transit."

"Yessum, de rabbit transhunt, dat's whut I tol' you. She ain't de color er no rabbit"—bursting into a laugh—"but she sho do git ober de groun' lak one." M. A. B.

Nothing Mean about Her.

Mabel—"Emily steams her husband's letters open every chance she gets."

Maude—"Oh, well, she isn't mean about it. She seals them up again and never blows him up."

Innocent.

Mistress—"Mary, I was almost sure once last evening while the policeman was in the kitchen that I heard a sound very much like two people kissing."

Mary—"Did you hear it only wanst, mum?"

Mistress—"Yes."

Mary—"Then it wasn't us."

Railroad Schedules.

Passenger—"What time does the next train go out?"

Railroad-man—"Six-ten, ma'am."

Passenger—"Impossible!"

Railroad-man—"Why impossible?"

Passenger—"Why, man! six-ten is the schedule time for leaving."

Sayings of Little People.

A LITTLE girl read a composition before the minister. The subject was "A Cow." She wove in this complimentary sentence: "A cow is the most useful animal in the world, except religion."

Said the teacher, "And it came to pass when the king heard it, he rent his clothes. Now, what does that mean, children—he rent his clothes?" Up went a little hand. "Well, if you know, tell us." "Please, ma'am," said the child, timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. She modestly replied, "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table, "you've eaten eight. I've been countin'."



III.

—But you bet it'll be a hot day when I scorch under another chestnut-tree."

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



The Largest Ship in the World.

R. M. S. OCEANIC,
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., NEW YORK DOCK, October 23, 1900.
Glastonbury, Conn.

DEAR SIR:—I have been using Williams' Shaving Soap for over 20 years. My customers are some of the most influential men from all parts of the globe, and of course, many of them are great travelers. I find that they frequently suffer from sunburn in the summer, and that their faces are often badly chapped and irritated from exposure to the wind in winter. The cooling, soothing and emollient qualities of your soap, enables me to give them great relief and entire satisfaction. I always recommend Williams' Shaving Soap, as, from long experience, I have found none equal to it.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) *A. H. Whiteman*, Barber.
R. M. S. Oceanic.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used on all of the leading steamship and railway lines of the world, and are the only recognized standard for Shaving. In the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Shaving Cream, etc., they are sold by druggists, perfumers and dealers in Barber's Supplies all over the world.

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

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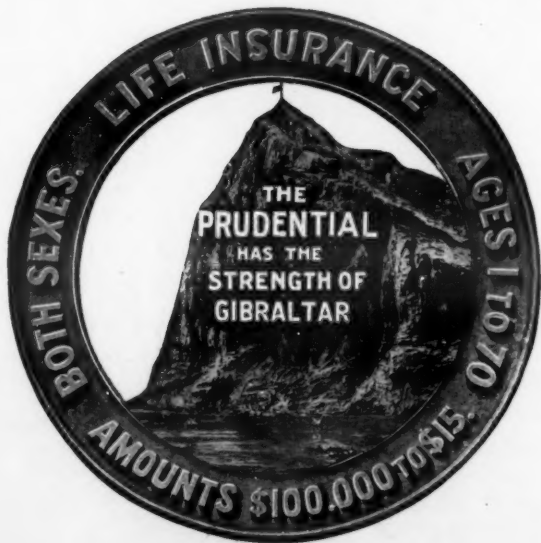
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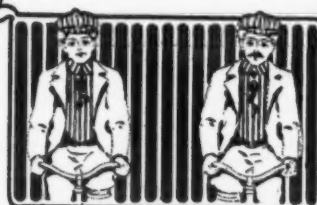
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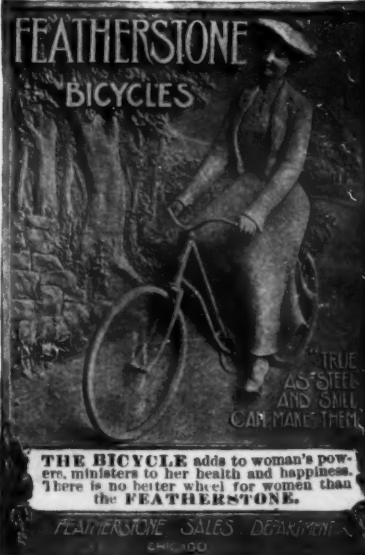
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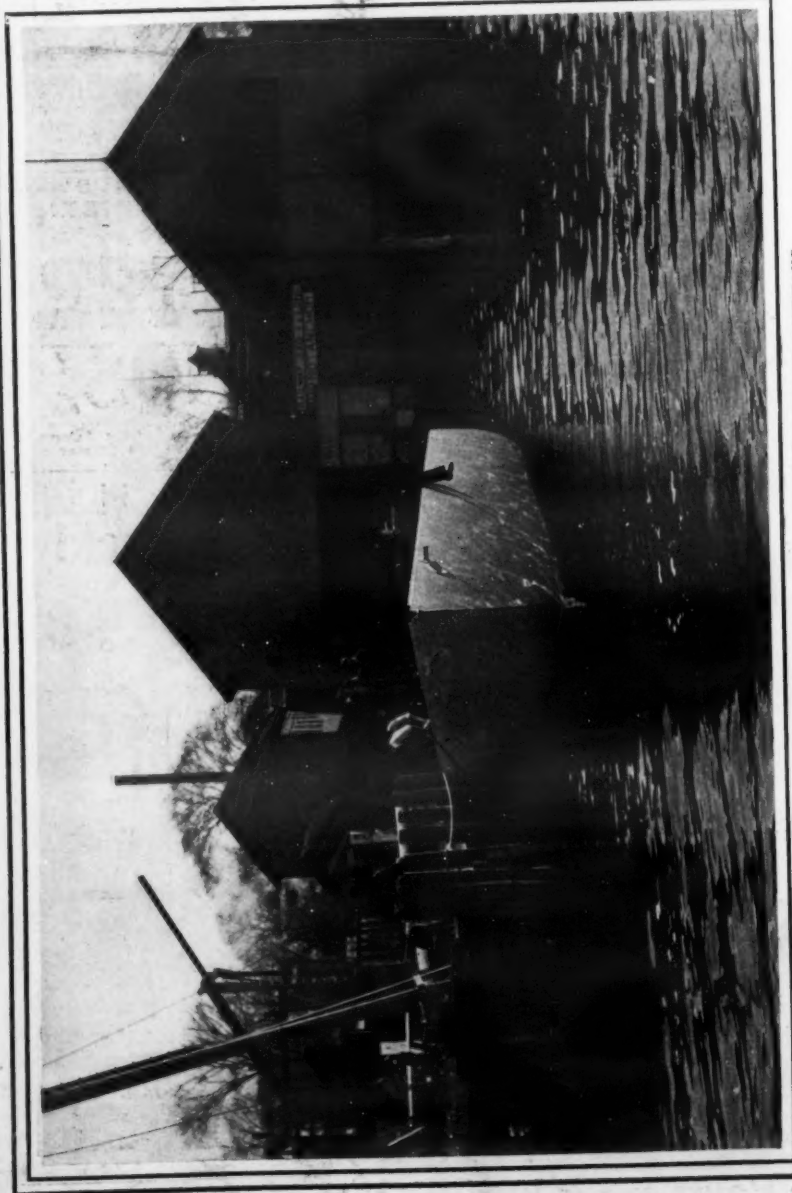
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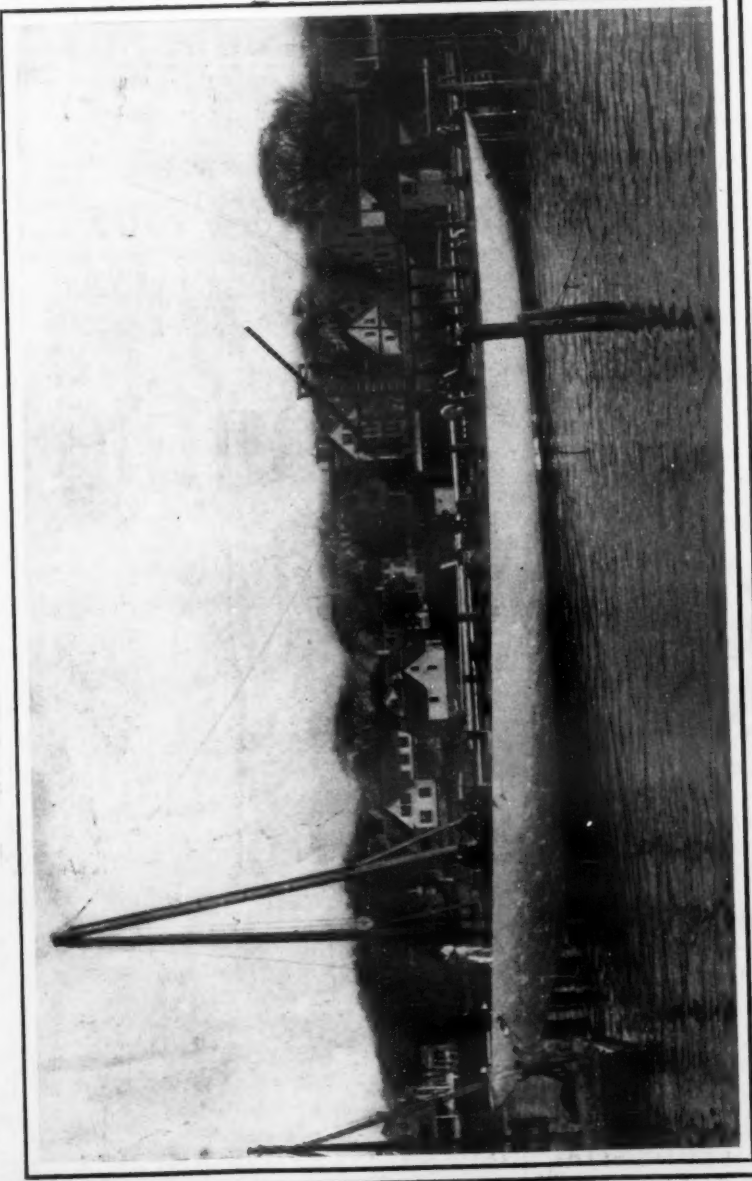




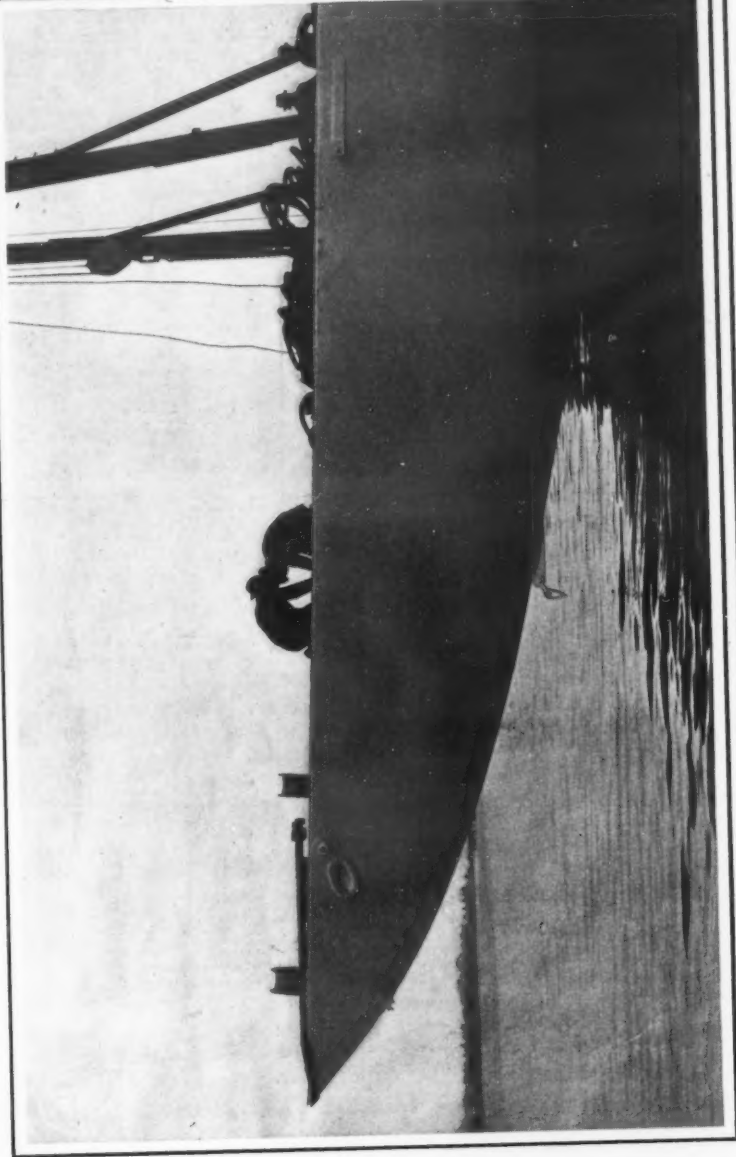
FIRST DETAILED VIEW OF THE "CONSTITUTION'S" FORWARD OVERHANG.



THE DECK OF THE "CONSTITUTION," SHOWING HER GREAT BEAM—WORKMEN PREPARING TO STEP THE MAST.



THE BOW OF THE "CONSTITUTION," REVEALING ALSO THE FORM OF THE MIDSHIP SECTION.—SHE WAS BUILT IN THE SHOP ON THE RIGHT.



A PROFILE VIEW INDICATING THE "CONSTITUTION'S" SLIGHT SHEER.

THE "CONSTITUTION," THE CUP-DEFENDER, JUST AFTER SHE WAS LAUNCHED.

SHE IS LIGHTER AND MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN THE SUCCESSFUL "COLUMBIA."—PHOTOGRAPHED AT HERRESHOFF'S SHIP-YARD, BRISTOL, R. I., AND COPYRIGHTED, 1901, BY C. E. BOLLES.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

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That clearness is the result of simple purity.

The beer in that bottle was brewed in absolute cleanliness. It was cooled in filtered air. The beer was filtered before we bottled it. It was sterilized after the bottle was sealed.

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And yeast is of tremendous importance.

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There are beers that cost not half the time

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But the saving is

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those who care for

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don't drink them.

Schlitz

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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The combined artists of Darmstadt (Germany) have arranged an exhibition of artistic silks, acknowledged to be of highest interest to fashionable ladies anywhere, but more particularly to specialists and the silk trade generally. The celebrated silk manufacturer, David, of Darmstadt, is busily engaged manufacturing silk from rare and novel patterns designed by Professor Hans Christianson. These remarkable and highly interesting patterns are almost certain to cause a revolution in the prevailing style of costumes, and accordingly it is certain to prove a rare inducement for intelligent ladies to visit the exposition, which continues open from May 1st until October 1st, 1901.

The Lothrop Publishing Company, of Boston, have added to their laurels by the publication of three great books—"Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller—in its 25th thousand; "The Potter and the Clay," by Maud Howard Peterson, and "A Carolina Cavalier," by George Cary Eggleston. These books are all of exceptional quality, are well worth reading, and entitled to a place in every library. They are thoroughly well written, entertaining, and justly popular.

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SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS TO BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS, AND OTHER SUMMER RESORTS.

On April 30th, 1901, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale Summer excursion tickets to Buffalo on account of the Pan-American Exposition, and to Niagara Falls.

On May 1st, 1901, the regular Summer excursion tickets to all the principal Summer resorts east of Pittsburgh and Buffalo will be placed on sale at ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

These tickets will bear the usual Summer excursion limit of October 31st, 1901, except that the Niagara Falls tickets will be good to return until November 30th, 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Route Book for 1901 will be issued, as heretofore, on June 1st.

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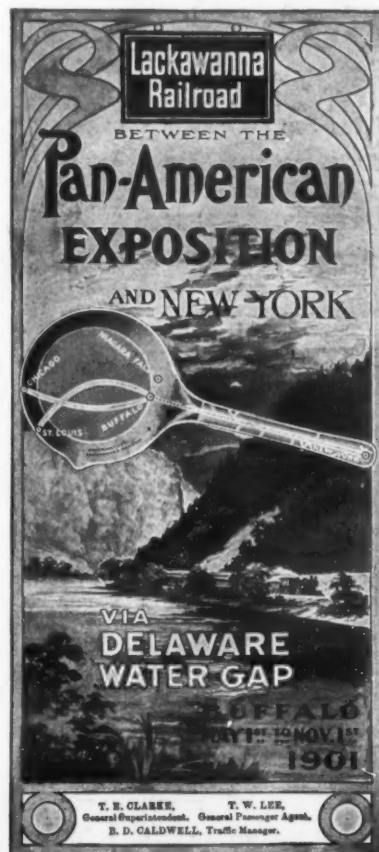
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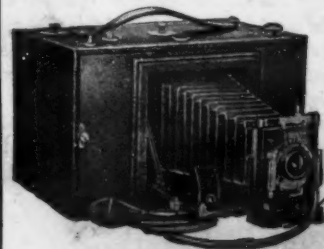
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